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MARCH, 1923

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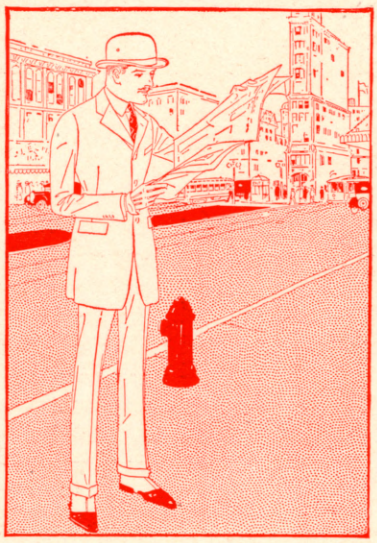

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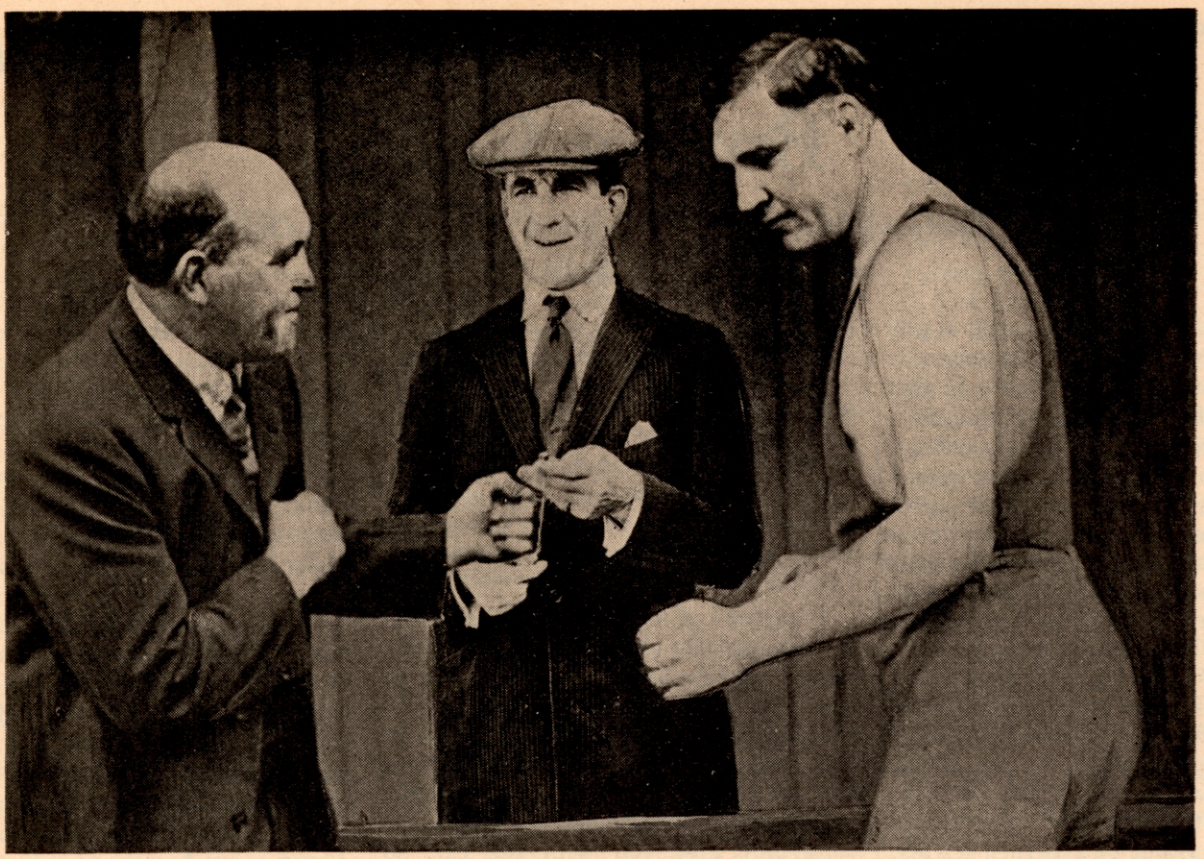

The announcement that Jess Willard has signed to fight Floyd Johnson for Mrs. William R. Hearst's Milk Fund in the Yankee Stadium on May 12 makes the above photo an appropriate one for use in this issue. Jess Willard is hot on the trail of Jack Dempsey for a return bout and will use the Johnson contest as a means for proving he is not yet a "has-been." The above shows Jim Jeffries (left) sparring with Willard and Jim Corbett (center) acting as referee.

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The Matter of Upkeep—Kid Socko Buys a Car

The Fourteenth of a Series of Adventures of This Famous Character

By JAMES K. McGUINNESS

WELL, friends, I am not a guy which makes a hollow when he is stung and my motto is that they is better fish in the market than anybody ever caught if he was only out for a day's fun, so I am consoled now when I find that my society broad, the beautiful blonde, does not manage to get away from her cruel family and in her excitement forgets to send back my hundred smackers, which don't matter much anyway to a jane with all the dough she is got.

Of course Young Marvelle says that I have been took again and that the broad was nothing but a fake, but what do I care about what he thinks on account of he don't know nothing anyhow, and he has the nerve to say that the picture this frail sends me is one of a French actress, and that can't be so, because this dame never was in France, and maybe they can be two people in the world that look alike, or something.

Well, friends, anyway, they is no use thinking of buying a farm when you would have to go there alone and live out there with nothing but cows around you and some of them might be bad tempered and bite you, or something, when you go to milk them, which of course I would not do on account of figuring on hireing a few extra farmhands, but anyway they is no use takeing such chances because the help might be sick and I might have to take care of the stock myself sometime.

So I figure the best thing to do is to go out and buy myself a car, which I never have had one and it is about time for me to put on a little Ritz with guys which is always high-toning me with their automobiles, like Paddy Mullins and a few others that has to think twice to write their own names and then they is liable to make a mistake in the spelling.

Well, friends, I spend quite some time shopping around where they sell such things, and in a short time I find myself all mixed up with a lot of words that should mean something, but don't. They is the transmission and the chassis and the tonneau, which has something to do with the number of tons the bus can carry, and the insurance, and the gas and the burglars in the garage. One and all combines to make it expensive.

Every place I go I find that this is the best car on the market and what do I do but make up my mind to buy each and every one, but when I am about ready I decide to take a look at another one and when the salesman there gets through with me I know that I am lucky not to have boughten the piece of cheese they were trying to sell me in the last joint.

So I am around for a big long while getting nowhere but all over the country at the expense of automobile agents, but I cannot make up my mind.

I do see one car which is very neat, indeed, and the name of it is a Rolls-Royce, which certainly looks about as classy as a smart lightweight which can hit with both hands, like my Young Marvelle. However, I find that this will set me back about thirteen or fourteen grand, depending on the number of extra lily cups they give you with the car, so naturally I am off that, although still wishing I had the jack to grab myself one.

Well, friends, the sight of this Rolls-Royce thing about kills off the other buses in my mind and I am having a hard time consoling myself with maybe a Buick or something of that sort, although they is good cars at the price and none better.

So there I am not able to get off with anything when I run into Smooth Elvey, which takes me uptown and buys me some of the grandest nitro-glycerine I have tasted since prohibition.

Well, friends, I inhale a few and they is not so bad at that and I feel very good towards the world in general and towards "Smooth" in particular.

So I tell Smooth my troubles and how I would like to get a Rolls-Royce only they cost too much jack and one thing and another like that.

Wait a minute, says he, maybe I can do something for you. So he goes to the phone and calls a number and then he says, Bill, is Mr. Morgan still in the market to sell his Rolls-Royce and what about the price, will he let it go for three grand, and that's fine Smooth says, and then he hangs up.

Well, friends, Smooth calls me to one side and he says to me, now I have got the best thing for you that ever happened. How would you like to get yourself a Rolls-Royce only three months old for three grand. You know what them things cost new, he says.

How would I like to buy myself a seat on the Stock Exchange for a dollar and a half, I asks him, and he says I guess you would.

Well, says Smooth to me, I have just happen to fall into something and here it is:

You have heard of Jaype Morgan, haven't you? I say, yes, I have, and I have also heard of Abraham Lincoln and John McGraw and a few other guys like that.

Well, says Smooth, he has a son and the other day he gives his son a Rolls-Royce for his birthday, but his son already has a Rolls-Royce which he got from an aunt and the old man don't know anything about it, on account of they being so many cars around their garage and the old man never goes there anyway, but has the chauffeur bring the buses to his front door.

Well, friends, it seems from what Smooth tells me that this Morgan boy has been gambling and naturally he owes some jack and his old man is so tought about such things that he is afraid to go up and brace him for the three grand he needs.

What he wants to do is to let his extra Rolls-Royce go for three grand, which will make everything square all around and no one will know the difference, as he will only sell to someone which will promise not to tell where he bought it, because he is afraid that the old man will find out and then they would be hell to pay.

Well, friends, my motto is one man's misfortune is another man's chance so I go and see this bus and it is a sure enough Rolls-Royce that don't look worth no less than seven million cash.

So I give this guy my check for three grand and he gives me the car any everything is rosy, only I have to give Smooth two hundred for putting me wise and fixing it all up.

Well, I have been takeing lessons in driveing for some time so I hop into my new bus and start down to the Garden to knock some of the boys dead with some class.

Well, friends, I am passing Sixth avenue and Thirty-eighth street when a cop motions me to stop and, naturally, I do.

Where do you get that car, he says, and I says do you think I find it in my stocking at Christmas, or something. I bought

(*Continued on page* 11)

Trickery and Ring Champions

By JOHN L. (IKE) DORGAN

CONSIDERABLE comment has been raised recently regarding the decisions of judges rendered at fights in this city and elsewhere, and this criticism prompts the writer to ask what these fans would have done were they present at some of the great ring battles —several of them championships — in which cunning, trickery, not mere judgment, saved the title for the crown-holders and defeat for those whose friends handled the time-piece or officiated as third man in the ring. At least it may be said with all sincerity that those who have the rendering of a verdict in their hands under our present laws are officials whose honesty cannot be questioned, but who simply disagree with the fans as to the victor.

But not so with many officials of the past, especially in the days of the Horton Law. "A title-holder, when once in the ring, could do no wrong," seemed to be the edict of the officials. Many instances of challengers winning a crown fairly but being deprived of it through the help of referee or timer are on record, the action of these officials being caused not by a desire to be crooked, but by the desire to help a champion so far as possible from losing his crown.

Few persons who read ring history, but failed to be present at the fight between Terry McGovern and Oscar Gardner, the Omaha featherweight, know that Gardner beat Terry fairly for the title and was deprived of it by a ruse of the timer. Terrible Terry had won the featherweight honors from George Dixon at the Broadway Club on January 9, 1900, and on March 9 he decided to defend them against Gardner, one of the hardest hitters and most combative fighters in his class.

McGovern, although knowing that Gardner was a terrific hitter — a wild swinger, who couldn't do anything with a clever boxer—decided to wade right into Oscar from the start, and in the very first round Oscar let loose a left that landed flush on Terry's jaw, and he went sprawling in a heap. By actual count, according to most of the ringsiders, Terry was down for nineteen seconds instead of nine, and should have been counted out and a new champion crowned.

When Terry came to he saw Gardner standing over him ready to deliver another blow. Terry was almost helpless, and he made a grab for Gardner's legs. Terry clutched this portion of Oscar's body and held on tightly while he was dragging himself to an upright position. Gardner kept yelling, "Leggo my legs," and appealed to the referee, but without result.

When Terry arose he hugged Oscar for dear life, and refused to let loose his grizzly-bear grip. Gardner shouted to the referee, "Make him leggo," but the referee paid no attention to his appeal.

The bell saved Terry, and during the next round he avoided Gardner as much as possible. When he came out of his corner for the third round he seemed fresh as a daisy, and sailed into Oscar and handed him a terrific lacing. He caught Oscar on the jaw, and down went the Omaha boy for the count.

There was no long count in his case. Everything was conducted in a business-like manner, and that is why the records show:

"March 9, 1900—N. Y., McGovern K. O. Gardner in 3 Rds."

In a recent issue we reviewed the life of Jack Dempsey, the Nonpareil. Several requests have been sent asking for the publication of the verses placed over his tombstone in Oregon. They follow:

The Nonpareil's Grave

Far out in the wilds of Oregon,
On a lonely mountain side,
Where Columbia's mighty waters
Roll down to the ocean's tide,
Where the giant fir and cedar
Are imaged in the wave;
O'ergrown with weeds and lichens,
I found poor Dempsey's grave.

I found no marble monolith,
No broken shaft or stone,
Recording sixty victories
This vanquished victor won;
No rose, no shamrock could I find,
No mortal here to tell
Where sleeps in this forsaken spot
The immortal Nonpareil.

A winding, weeded canyon road
That mortals seldom tread
Leads up this lonely mountain
To the Desert of the Dead.
And the western sun was sinking
In Pacific's golden wave,
And these solemn pines kept watching
Over poor Jack Dempsey's grave.

Forgotten by ten thousand throats
That thundered his acclaim,
Forgotten by his friends and foes,
Who cheered his very name,
Oblivion wraps his faded form,
But ages hence shall save
The memory of that Irish lad
That fills poor Dempsey's grave.

Oh! Fame, why sleeps thy favored son
In wilds, in woods, in weeds?
And shall he ever thus sleep on,
Interred his valiant deeds?
'Tis strange New York should thus forget
Its "Bravest of the Brave"
And in the wilds of Oregon
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Slapstick Comedy and Circus Stunts Feature Fistic and Baseball Training Camps

By FREDERICK G. LIEB
President, Baseball Writers' Association

THIS is the season of the year when big league ball clubs again will be put through their early spring capers in the sometimes Sunny South. Some six hundred sturdy young athletes will start "socking the old apple," and the cry of the big leaguer at play will reverberate through the lower section of the U. S. A. from the tip of Florida to Catalina Island, California.

Training camps have become essential to modern baseball. Back in the eighties, the old Chicago White Stockings first got the jump on the rest of the league by training in the salubrious South while rival clubs tried to condition themselves in cold armories or on the wind-swept, mud-soaked diamonds of the North. Since then the Dixie baseball training camp has become an institution.

Boxing has its training camps the same as baseball. The purpose of both is the same, though where the boxing camp deals with the fortunes of one man, the baseball camp is interested in the welfare of an entire club. But each is pointed in the same direction, toward a championship. Here, however, we find another marked difference. At the pugilistic camp, one of two men is sure to win, provided the fight does not end in a draw. In baseball, only two of the sixteen teams sweltering and sweating on Southern ball fields can win their respective league championships, and only one out of sixteen can land the prized title of baseball, the world's championship.

There is a lot of fun and horseplay at a training camp, whether its purpose is the training of a championship boxer or the conditioning of a big league ball club. But both have their serious sides. The training of a fighter for a big match, particularly for a world's heavyweight championship encounter, is a mighty serious business to the men vitally concerned. It is estimated that this championship is worth a million dollars to the holder, which is a fair estimate. And even big financiers do not indulge in slapstick comedy when they figure a million dollar transaction.

Perhaps the most interesting of all fight training camps were those pitched outside of Reno, Nevada, when big Jim Jeffries tried to come back in 1910, so that he might re-establish the fistic supremacy of the white race. Every one recalls that battle of July 4th, 1910, when the grinning negro, Jack Johnson, easily disposed of his white opponent, a shell of his former self, in fifteen rounds.

The fight was ordered out of California by the Governor of the Golden State, and settled itself in Reno. "Jeff" trained at Moana Springs, a resort just outside of Reno, with a hot springs swimming pool its most attractive feature. Johnson pitched his camp in the opposite direction, and located at Ricks' Resort, a rendezvous for the divorce colony, about six miles out of town. Mountains towered all around it, and a steep mountain rose up to its lofty height directly in back of Ricks' place.

Jeffries was sulky and sullen, and seemed to be annoyed by the mere presence of newspapermen. He hated to talk and preferred training in secret. Often when the scribes got out to the camp, Jeff would be away fishing, but a dip into the Moana Springs swimming pool always made the journey to Jeff's camp worth while.

Bob Armstrong, the big negro who was Jeff's sparring partner, supplied most of the humor at the white man's camp. Bob was always cheerful and never had a worry, especially when the dice were rolling well for him. The roulette wheels and craps tables were features at the camps of both Jeffries and Johnson.

Armstrong was sunning himself one day, after having put on the gloves with Jeff, and was philosophizing on life's problem.

"I's just been thinking," he said. "How it would be to wake up every day with a dollar."

In other words, Bob forestalled Coue. "Day by day in any way I'm gonna get that dollar, that dollar."

Johnson's camp at Ricks' was just the opposite of that of Jeffries. The big negro, feeling absolutely confident of his ability, was in a chronic good humor, and his camp was a real minstrel show. Jack's big bull fiddle was as necessary to his training as his boxing gloves. Professor Burns, supposedly Jack's time-keeper, tickled the piano, and Al Kauffman, white sparring partner, harmonized on the harmonica. They put on a concert each day before Jack would go through his training, and in those days they were real jazz kings.

The scribes used to drive out to Johnson's camp in a coach drawn by four horses. Jack London, one of the high-brows covering the fight, who termed the rival pugilists "abysmal brutes," always insisted on doing the driving.

Leaving Reno for the banks of Maumee Bay, Toledo, nine years later, when Willard was champion and Jack Dempsey the challenger, we find one of the oddest boxing training camps ever established. Willard always was a thrifty soul, and he had neither manager nor trainer. He managed and trained himself for that bloody three round Waterloo with Dempsey on July 4th, 1919.

Willard rented quite a house in Toledo, but his training camp out on the bay was more or less of a circus. The price of admission to see Jess thump his sandbag and do other practice stunts was fifty cents, and Toledoians and farmers from the surrounding country brought along their families to see Jess, as though the then champion was a circus freak. Most of them were content to see the big boy train, as the cheaper seats at the Maumee Bay encounter were poorly patronized.

Training camps in baseball and boxing also are part of the ballyhoo of the game. They are necessary without a doubt. Baseball club owners and fight promoters frequently are charged with responsibility for the columns of stuff which appear in the newspapers from the baseball training camps in the spring and the fight camps before large fights. Yet the newspapers themselves give this space and give it freely. In the spring they try to appease the appetites of their readers for baseball news by sending star writers South with the teams.

(*Continued on page* 8)

Some Of The 57 Varieties Of Training

1—*Jack Dempsey taking five-mile cross-country jaunt*
2—*John McGraw watching his rookies bat 'em out in morning practice*
3—*Jess Willard swinging the axe*
4—*Jim Corbett showing Jeffries how to "do it" at Reno*
5—*Jack Johnson tossing a giant medicine ball*
6—*Jack Britton strengthening leg muscles*

TRAINING CAMPS

(*Continued from page 6*)

Before the big fights, the same men, under orders from their papers, send reams of copy out of the boxing training camps. The boxing promoter and the baseball owner certainly cannot be blamed for taking full advantage of all this free publicity.

No fight ever got the ballyhoo of the "Battle of the Century," between Dempsey and the French challenger, Georges Carpentier, at Jersey City in 1921. No boxing camp ever drew the writers, actors, hangers-on, boxing bugs and curiosity seekers as flocked to Dempsey's headquarters at the Aerodrome in Atlantic City. Dempsey

McGraw going up in a plane at San Antonio

hired two houses in that section of the big seashore resort. He lived in one with Teddy Hayes, his trainer, valet and man Friday. His chef, two elderly women who did the housekeeping and the police dogs, also lived there. The rest of the gang occupied the other house.

With Dempsey, training is a serious business. There were many larks at Atlantic City, but Jack usually saved up most of his roughhouse for wrestling bouts with Bull Montana, whenever the latter called. He also liked to play first base in scrub games between the writers and the hangers-on of the camp, was fond of pinochle as a recreation and banked for the roulette wheel.

The very training camp that Deschamps picked for his gorgeous Georges was shrouded with mystery. Carpentier pitched his camp at a house over one hundred years old at Manhasset, Long Island. It was a pretty place, with ivy running over the porch, and flowers all over the place. Georges indulged in secret training, and the very mystery surrounding his efforts to get in condition helped add to the interest of the fight. It was part of the ballyhoo.

Stanley Ketchell used to have an odd spot to do his training for his bouts in New York, old Woodlawn Inn, right in back of the Woodlawn Cemetery. The boys used to nickname it "Tombstone Inn," as Stan used to train with the shadows of the tombstones for a background. Young Floyd Johnson went up to Yonkers to train for his recent fight with Brennan. There is an old ramshackle roadhouse, idle for years, near the big carpet mills in Yonkers. It was put out of commission even before prohibition, but it is interesting to fight fans because it was the inn where Gus Ruhlin trained for most of his leading fights.

There isn't the tomfoolery or fun around a baseball camp to-day that there was in the olden days. Even within the last ten years there has been a complete change in the atmosphere of the big league camp. About the time that hazing was stopped in the colleges, they stopped "razzing" the young baseball recruits. A dozen years ago every newcomer to the Giants' training camp at Marlin, Tex.,

Yankees playing "get the ball" at New Orleans

whether rookie or newspaperman, had to be initiated. The initiation ceremony consisted of tying all of the young men's shirts, socks, collars and other wearing apparel into knots and to muss up his room in general.

Larry Doyle and Ferdie Schupp used to be very fond of these midnight raids. The last year the Giants were in Marlin, Schupp led a raid on the room of a rather effervescent reporter, making his first training trip. The night before the team broke camp, the newspaperman, a big two hundred pounder, found his bureau and chairs securely tied to his bed, his shirts, underwear and extra suits being used for tying purposes.

"Baby Doll" Jacobson, now with the St. Louis Browns, paid several visits to Marlin as a rookie Giant, and he fell for all the tricks that were practiced on the baseball innocents. Rube Marquard, while a youngster with the Giants, once put a dent into the peace and tranquillity of Marlin by emptying a gun out of the Arlington window. McGraw had to fix it up with the sheriff.

During the years that Bill Donovan managed the Yankees, Cy Pieh, a long, awkward pitcher from Dakota, used to provide the laughs at Yankee training camps. Cy had natural pitching ability, but he never could be taught to to use it with men on the bases. But he was unconsciously a comedian, and some of his stunts would fill a chapter by itself.

Izzy Kaplan, who still is convinced that he is manager of Jack Bernstein, supplied a lot of the comedy at another training camp of the Yanks. Izzy went South as photographer.

It was the first year that Miller Huggins was manager of the team, so some of the newspaper boys told Izzy that Frank Gilhooley was Huggins. Then they told him that Huggins was Gilhooley.

George Mogridge was a holdout that spring, and was still unsigned when he reached the Macon training camp. The scribes told Izzy that Huggins would give him one hundred dollars if he could sign Mogridge.

Izzy would talk terms with Mogridge by the hour, and then report back to Gilhooley, and say: "Well, I guess we better give it to him."

During practice, Huggins stands in the middle of the infield, watches the

Scribes in Giant camp after "hard workout"

players bat, and supervises play in general.

Kaplan wanted to know one day why Gilhooley always stood there in the middle of the field.

"Why don't Gilhooley go out there and work like the others?" Izzy demanded. "He stands there and does nothing. Even Huggins chases balls around. Anyway, he's an unfriendly fellow, that Gilhooley. I speak to him two times and he don't answer. I'll speak to Huggins about it."

(*Continued on page 17*)

How John L. Sullivan Reformed

As Told to James C. Isaminger, Sports Editor of the Philadelphia North American, by the Champion's Confidential Secretary

By JAMES C. ISAMINGER

IN Philadelphia recently, rehearsing a new act, was a comedian who has played in every country on the globe and who probably knows more actors than anybody else on the stage. His name is Will H. Cohan, a man who for ten years served John L. Sullivan first as dresser and then as confidential secretary and all-round fixer.

Having heard how well Cohan knew John L., the writer dropped in on the comedian and then the trouble started. A fountain of anecdotes on the great John L. gushed from Cohan's lips.

"You know that Sullivan was always good 'copy,'" said Cohan, "and everything he said or did was printed in all the newspapers of the country. I was concerned in one of the incidents, and it made me famous over night.

"Sullivan was playing in a Boston theatre. I was a kid then and besides having a small part in the show, I also was the big fellow's dresser. There was a sign in the dressing room which read 'It's a violation of the fire laws to smoke in this dressing room.'

"John L. paid no attention to the sign, but drew out a big black cigar and started smoking. Wreaths of smoke filtered out under the door of the dressing room and attracted the attention of a Boston fireman on duty at the theatre.

Fireman Rebukes John L.

"He rapped on the door and very brusquely shouted: 'You gotta cut out smoking here,' and then slammed the door shut again. John L. said nothing, but kept on smoking. Five minutes later, the fireman reappeared and in even sterner tones commanded Sullivan to quit disobeying the law.

"Sullivan again refused to pay the slightest attention to the fireman. He finished his cigar and went out on the stage to do his stuff. During an intermission, he returned to his dressing room and again drew a cigar out of his pocket and lighted it. For the third time, the curls of smoke did not escape the notice of the fireman and he rushed into the dressing room, his face registering anger in the highest degree.

"'See here,' blurted out the fireman, but he got no farther. For the first time, John L. had something to say.

"'Lookahear, you,' he yelled in his characteristic deep-chest tones that nobody ever hearing him talk when excited would ever forget.

"'This is the third time you've horned in here and I want to tell you if you ever show your face again tonight, I'm going to throw Cohan at you.'

"This episode went all over the country and for years I was pointed out as the man who John L. wanted to throw at a fireman.

"John L. was the squarest and most honorable fellow I ever met. His only fault was drink. When he was under the influence he was a terror and would punch his best friend. He had a contempt for sham and would never fail to express himself in his vigorous language and in that deep-sea voice of his that almost made the roof rattle. A call-down administered by John L. was an epic never to be forgotten.

"One day John L. decided to open a saloon. He figured the liquor trade owed him something. He immediately appointed me manager of the joint. We announced our plans and on opening night every tough in New York as well as many swells attended.

Sullivan's Offer.

"Just before we opened the door, John L. turned to me and said: 'Will, you've been a good pal of mine and I'm going to do something for you. I'm going to give you all the gold coin taken in at the bar tonight.'

"I had visions of making a big killing, for in those days gold was more plentiful than now. We opened the doors and the first to come in was Jim Corbett, who threw a $100 bill on the bar and told the bartender to ring it up.

"Nat Goodwin came along and threw down another century, and other celebrities did the same. Our receipts that night were $3,500, and how much do you think was in gold coin? One little $5 piece that a man just from California threw down.

"There have been many inaccurate stories about the pawning of John L's famous diamond belt that bore the inscription, 'The champion of champions.' John L. got broke and told me to hock it. The belt had 335 diamonds in it, and I had no trouble getting $3,500 for it.

"I took the money to Sullivan, who was waiting for me with Brooklyn Jimmy Carroll. He counted out $1,650 and handed it to Carroll and then kept $1,650 for himself. Then he slipped me $200 for hocking it. That night John L. went out on one of his famous sprees and blew in every cent.

"The next day he came around to me and said, 'Still got that $200?' When I answered that I had, he said, 'Well, fork it over. I haven't got a sou.'

Behind in Rent.

"There have also been many stories about what decided the champion to go on the water wagon, but only one is true. It is this. Sullivan was way behind in his rent for his saloon, and the landlord said he would have to pay or get out. John L. had about $200 in cash, but needed more.

"Sullivan went over a list of his friends who might stand for a touch. Finally he decided on George Considine. 'You run over to George and tell him to lend me $150. Tell him what it's for."

"So I ran out and hunted up Considine and told him my mission. 'What,' shouted Considine, 'lend that big bum $200! Why, he would drink it up in a half night.'

"Vainly I explained that John L. wanted the money to pay the rent, but I could not move George, who had lent John L. often before. 'He'd blow it in anyway.'

"Crestfallen I returned to John L. and told him George wouldn't come across.

"'Said I'd drink it up, did he?' shouted the old boy. 'Well, when a friend like Considine turns me down because I drink, I think I'd better go on the wagon.'

"And he did. He never took a drink after that night."

Mr. Cohan had with him an old-fashioned umbrella with a dog's head in ivory that he carries with him all the time. Sullivan gave it to Cohan twenty years ago, and the actor carries it with him every place he goes.

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Bookworm Boxers—The Fistic Sport Finds a Place in the College Curriculum

By A. ALFRED ALBELLI
New Haven Correspondent

IF perchance, because of some personal instigation, you should be tempted to approach a typical college man of today and perform on him the act of assault and battery, or otherwise administer physical injury through malice, you might be amazed, and perhaps disappointed, to find that this same chap will not voluntarily absorb the punishment which you tender him, and perhaps he might turn on you to your physical disadvantage. Quite a change from what they used to be like, you might readily surmise; and your guess, when viewed from a broad-minded and national point of view, would blossom out into a reality.

Boxing has also played its part in moulding the temperament of the college youth of today. In this branch of collegiate sport we notice the systematization of the qualities characteristic of the above described university man into an efficient and beneficial course of physical culture. Gridiron classics are the best examples of the true spirit which is prevalent among collegiate student bodies. Here again the elements of heroism exemplified by the word "fight" are restrained by a system tending towards clean sportmanship.

Suffice it to say here that timid, sissy boys—in fact, pure weaklings—who have been overnourished with the milk of human kindness and who, in their primary training and environment, have been deprived of the experiences and sensations attending the every-day life of the average red-blooded American boy, and who have become subdued by the life upon which they have been grafted, are becoming scarcer and scarcer at the modern university. For the most part they are today conspicuous by their absence. The causes which have brought about this change are varied. For the most part they may be attributed to fundamental influences emanating from the recent World War.

Statistics indicate that there are more candidates for boxing teams than there are for golf teams at colleges, and, taken at par value, this preference may create sounder notions concerning the real tastes of the average American college youth. All the universities of the country have not as yet recognized boxing as an active sport, but there are evidences which tend to show that boxing, as an intercollegiate sport, is becoming more and more prominent each year as various colleges which have adopted it report that they have had a prosperous season.

Where the sport is recognized on a level with other sports, or as an intramural activity, it has been reported as having an immense influence over the students partaking in it. Bookworms, absolute grinds, have been known to emerge from their scholastic dens, don the padded mitts, and become shining lights in the boxing world. Throughout the entire country today there are students who, during their secondary education in the preparatory schools, were addicted to perpetual grinding, and who, on entering college, have become disciples of the Grecian Pollux. The influence which this change of activity is destined to have on the men in the future has been estimated by boxing authorities to be invaluable.

It so appears that the universities of the East have assumed the position of standard bearers of the sport which has grown in leaps and bounds among college students in recent years. At every college in states along the Atlantic coast boxing is popularly recognized by students, and is indulged in either as a group sport or as a regular department of the college athletic curriculum.

During recent years attempts have been made to induce the "Big Three" to adopt boxing as an intercollegiate sport. So far the attempts have been fruitless, but boxers at Yale are hopeful that, before the present college generation passes, their dream will be realized.

Yale has already had a university boxing team, and for the past three years Yale boxing teams have won the intercollegiate championship of the association of which they were members. Harvard and Princeton, on the other hand, are both reported to have good material; but there has been no indication that those colleges would step out during the coming season.

West Point and Annapolis are both reported as having abundant and splendid candidates. "Spike" Webb is anticipating great achievements for his navy boys this year. Mosey King, of Yale, is cherishing similar hopes for his protégés. Eddie Shevlin, the "Dartmouth professor," is assembling a notable array of boxers also this year. Pratt Institute, Tufts, Colgate, Springfield Y. M. C. A., Massachusetts Tech., Penn State, Lafayette and the University of Virginia have already arranged schedules for a prospective winter season.

In the spring it is planned to have an intercollegiate boxing meet in which various intercollegiate champions will be brought together. News has also been received from across the Atlantic that it is hoped that an Oxford-Cambridge team may be brought here next spring to meet a representative boxing team of this country.

With the closing of the coming season boxing among college students may attain so high a plane of admiration that it will eventually be nationally recognized by all the leading American universities.

Kid Socko Buys a Car

(*Continued from page* 4)

it, I says. Where, he says. In China, I say, where do you think.

Drive around to the station and tell it to the captain, he says, and naturally I do.

Well they ask me a lot of questions at the station and I won't tell them where I bought the car on account of wanting not to get young Morgan into any trouble, because he seems to be a pretty good kid, and so finally the captain says throw him into a cell for tonight. Maybe he will talk in the morning.

Well, I am ready to talk long before morning but no one will listen to me and when they finally let me come up for air again I tell the captain that he had better look out, I bought the car from Jaype Morgan's son, and he laughs like he wanted to die and says that's pretty good, Jaype Morgan's son has been in Europe for six months. That's pretty good, he says.

And who do you think this car belongs to he says. To the deputy police commissioner, he says, and don't you pick a nice one to buy for yourself, he asks me, and how did you pay for it.

By check, I tell him.

Well, you had better stop payment, he says, and he hands me the phone, but when I call the bank I find that I am only about eighteen hours late and the check has been paid already.

So the captain turns me out and he says to one of the cops, Clancy, you better take this guy to his home and see that no one talks to him on his way, he says, on account of they might sell him Central Park or something.

Navy Has a New Blow—"The Double Punch," the Terror of the Ring

By SPIKE WEBB
U. S. Naval Academy Boxing Instructor

BACK in the dark ages of the fighting game, Kid McCoy struggled with and finally mastered the "Corkscrew Punch." It was not much of a punch as things go these days, but it was the beginning of a long line of blows that have since knocked many a championship crown askew.

Following upon McCoy's pioneer work, old Bob Fitzimmons delivered the first "Solar Plexus Punch" into the vitals of a startled and much winded opponent.

The next chapter in the rugged old book of Fistianna opens with "Battling" Nelson's "Scissor Punch" which in its day was heralded from Broadway to Tuscany as the last word in the boxing game. Moving pictures were just coming in then, and many a film was cut short by the new punch.

A little later Stanley Ketchell worked up a shift punch that has no equal as a dashing, smashing, dream lulling "wallop."

With each year boxing grew more and more of a game for the clever and with it came the "Waltz Punch" championed by no less an originator than Georges Carpentier. This punch while outwardly mild has the peculiar quality of sending its victim to dreamland by way of a sudden and dark passage.

However—coming down to punches; something with the ear marks of a high explosive—is the new NAVY DOUBLE PUNCH. This new ring terror is nothing less than a 20 second drop into oblivion for anyone on the receiving end. It is the sole invention and property of Spike Webb, and is a fitting climax to all the punches that have gone before it.

The new double punch, as the name suggests, is a quick delivery of two punches, namely, the right hand to the face followed by the left hand to the body. To work this combination it is first necessary to draw the opponent in by a series of feints, and when this happens, the body is shifted well around to the left side in order to deliver a short, snappy backhand punch with the right hand. In a majority of cases this right-hand punch causes the opponent to raise his guard, thus leaving the body wide open for a telling left-hand hook. This strategical maneuvering, I rather claim as a specialty of mine, and it might well be termed a body shift, for the feet remain practically in their original position, while the body shifts around to the left side in order to put across the right hand.

Spalding Has Great Book on Fine Art of Boxing

The latest publication of the Spalding Athletic Library is "Boxing." It is complete in its information for the beginner, who seeks to know how to handle himself properly in self-defense, and it is practical to the man who has had some experience and wishes to perfect himself in the knowledge which he already possesses.

One of the big features of the book is its illustrations. They are plentiful and admirable. There are more than fifty of them, and they were specially posed with the idea of giving graphic information to the boy or man who is taking boxing up for the first time and wishes to know how to handle and to place himself to the best advantage. Each of the pictures is accompanied by a practical explanation of its purpose. For instance, the first of the photographs shows the boxing position. Then the boxer is informed by illustration how to clench his fist properly. Plenty of boxers have not learned that essential fact, even though they have appeared occasionally with the gloves tied on their fists. Going from one stage to another the boxer is taken through the various positions to be assumed and all the various blows are pictured. Some of these are so clearly defined that the novice will be convinced that he never has had anything better explained to him since he took up the sport.

Even the foul blows are demonstrated so that the beginner may not make the serious mistake of starting wrong. The various methods of blocking and of stepping inside and outside the swings of an opponent are given perfect presentation, and the photographs of the shifts used by boxers are capital.

The author tells the beginner how to box in plain and simple language and analyzes the reasons for the various moves that are made by contestants in the ring. Defense is given a chapter which will be of special interest because every boxer knows that a good defense is very valuable, and every one who wishes to be a good boxer finds that success is not attained without good knowledge of defense. In the chapter on defense the boxer is taken through all the suppositious instances which might happen if he were actually in the ring.

There is a chapter on feinting and another on the ethics of boxing. Both of them are full of good points, and then there are chapters on training and breathing properly, with some hints about the diet. Every bit of this information is of the worthwhile kind to the man who wishes to become a superior boxer.

The rules of boxing for all associations are given, and these add to the value of the new publication for reference. The book is just the kind of a manual which a boxer needs to get first hand information in the most practical manner that it may be given in a publication. It is the type of book from which information may be had by the man who has had some experience as well as by the novice.

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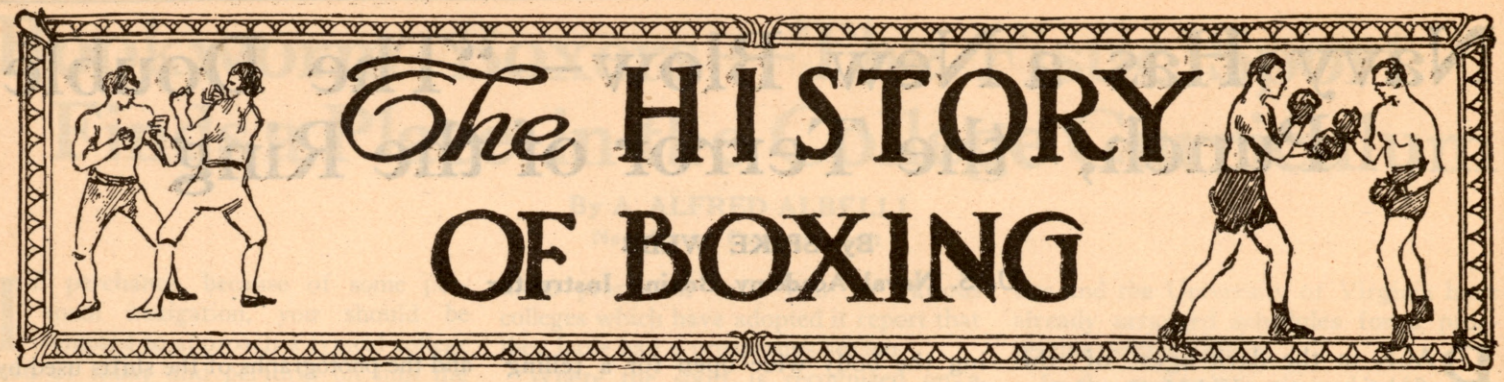

The Rise of the Negro in the Field of Pugilism—Molineaux First American in International Championship Bout

By NAT FLEISCHER

This Is the Thirteenth of a Series on The History of Boxing

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THE negro race seems to have flitted through most of the pages of pugilistic history as a menacing spectre. Even as Harry Wills stalks the trail of Jack Dempsey today, so in the infant days of the great game a negro trailed the white champion, and an American negro at that. The white champion, as was told in the preceding chapter, was the great Tom Cribb, than whom no greater battler in England ever lived; and the negro was Tom Molineaux, who first saw the light of day in Virginia.

As we have pointed out during the course of our historic sketches, the first colored man to achieve lasting ring fame was Bill Richmond, who came to England from Staten Island as the servant to the brave but eccentric Lord Camelford; but as the period we have now reached is one in which Cribb and Molineaux played a most important part we must temporarily leave Richmond for another chapter and devote our space to the deeds of Molineaux. It will be recollected that in the last chapter we called attention to the fact that the first negro boxer to engage in an international battle was Richmond, who may be regarded as the forerunner of the modern negro pugilists, but Molineaux was far his superior and also was the first American boxer to combat an Englishman in a championship tilt.

The children of Ham have been prominently identified with fistiana since Richmond and Molineaux made their debut, but this is only natural as the negro is so constituted by nature as to be less susceptible to pain than the average white man, and this gives him an advantage over his white opponent. Included in the list of marvelous negroes who have made ring history are such ring wonders as James Wharton, known as the Morocco Prince or Young Molineaux, the greatest colored fighter that ever graced a ring; Bob Travers, who fought Jem Mace three battles; Peter Jackson, the best of the modern crop; Jack Johnson, Joe Jeannette, Sam McVey, Sam Langford,

THOMAS MOLINEAUX,
From a Drawing by GEORGE SHARPLES.

Young Peter Jackson, George Dixon, Joe Gans, Joe Walcott, Frank Craig, the Harlem Coffee Cooler, and George Godfrey.

The American Menace

From the time of Gentleman John Jackson down to 1810 English fighters donnybrooked among themselves. It was then that the menace appeared from across the Atlantic in the person of Tom Molineaux. It was in the fall of the year 1809 that Molineaux appeared upon the scene and publicly announced himself the American champion. He was down at the heels and sorely in need of financial aid. He began to brag about his ability, and kept up his verbal attacks on the British boxers until he finally received recognition.

Tom Cribb at the time had announced his retirement, and there were no formidable opponents in the field except Cribb. Cribb was loath to come out of retirement despite the urgent appeals of the British sportsmen; hence he scoured the field to see if he could locate a man to uphold the glory of England against the Ethiopian. Cribb hit upon a fellow from Bristol, the place, our readers will recall, where many of the British champions learned the art of fisticuffs. He dubbed this man the "Bristol Unknown." The fellow's name was Burrows. He met Molineaux at Tothill Fields in July, 1810, and Burrows was battered into insensibility in an hour.

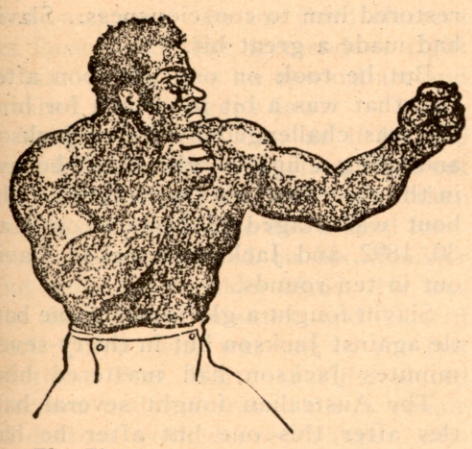
Still Cribb could not be drawn out of retirement, and he dug up another "white hope" in the person of Tom Blake, otherwise known as Tom Tough. Tom Tough proved just as easy a mark as Blake, and was knocked out. There was only one alternative if British ring prestige was to be retained, and that was for Cribb to enter the ring. But this Tom steadfastly refused until the announcement was publicly made in the daily papers that Molineaux had declared himself the world's champion and that he regarded Cribb as a coward. That was too much

for Cribb, and he finally agreed to battle the negro.

Fight in a Drizzle

Lord Sackville backed the negro against Cribb for 500 pounds. Cribb, weighing 200 pounds, half an inch under six feet, and Molineaux, 199 pounds, stocky built, gorilla-armed, 5 feet 8½ inches, came together at East Grinsted, England, December 18, 1810, in a drizzling rain, with the temperature near freezing.

These two hard heads tore each other almost into pieces. In the twenty-fourth round Cribb, bundled in coats and blankets, sat dazed in his corner; while Molineaux, eyes puffed, lips split, both eyes nearly closed, several ribs broken



The Fighting Pose of Tom Molineaux

and three hen-egg lumps on his forehead, waited and shivered in his corner for the resumption of the bout.

Time was called, but Cribb was unable to answer. Molineaux, exhausted, walked to the center of the ring. Seeing the condition of their man the seconds of Cribb, including Joe Ward, a wise ring man, rushed across the stage to the referee, Sir Thomas Apreece, vehemently protesting that Molineaux had gunshot concealed in the palms of his hands. This was done as a ruse to give Cribb a chance to come to, but not even Bill Richmond, chief second for Molineaux, detected the trick.

Molineaux protested, and, to show his honesty, showed the palms of his hands; but even this was not "convincing" to Ward, who started a lengthy argument, which saved the day for Cribb, for when the dispute was concluded Cribb had sufficiently recovered to resume the battle.

In the next round Cribb wrestled Molineaux, who stumbled and hit his head against a stake. This completely dazed him. He fought several more rounds under this handicap, and in the thirty-ninth round he crumpled without being struck and declared: "Me can fight no more."

Thus the first great international battle went to Cribb more through the dishonesty of his seconds than through his superiority over the negro. Cribb won the gold, but Molineaux the glory. Thus we see the negro robbed of a title the very first time his race is represented in a championship contest.

Molineaux Again Challenges!

After the battle Molineaux refused to acknowledge Cribb the better man, and again challenged. He declared that, but for the drizzle and the interference of seconds, he would have beaten Cribb. Accordingly a second bout was arranged for September, 1811. Cribb, realizing he had a difficult task confronting him, trained more faithfully than for any previous bout. He was in the pink of condition when he entered the ring.

Molineaux, on the other hand, ignorant, ill-advised, his head turned by flattery, dissipated so that a layer of fat covered his once magnificent muscles. He refused to take Cribb seriously, and did his training on rum. Even on the morning of the fight a chicken, an apple pie and a half gallon of porter was his food.

Cribb arrived on the scene of the battle a hot favorite despite the fact that the negro had a fair following. The affair drew a crowd of more than 20,000, the largest gathering that had attended a prize fight up to this time. It seemed that Molineaux's mode of living had caused a revolt on the part of the English sporting fraternity, almost every member of which hated the negro, and was willing to spend all kinds of money to see him whipped, especially after he had beaten a young fellow named Rimmer, against whom he was pitted soon after his first defeat at the hands of Cribb.

When Molineaux took the center of the ring it was noticed that his stomach was distended and he could hardly wabble across the ring. It was apparent that Molineaux's orgy had done him no good and that Cribb would annihilate him. With thousands surrounding the platform the bout got under way, and in less than one round Molineaux was a beaten man. Cribb was bent on only one thing —speedy victory. He made certain from the start that Molineaux would not last as long as in the previous contest.

The negro was unmercifully beaten. His jaw was broken, several ribs cracked and both eyes badly cut, when, in the eleventh round, he was knocked out and his seconds carried him out of the ring. The flabby negro received the worst beating a pugilist had received in England in more than twenty years.

Triumphant March Into London

Cribb rode into London in triumph in a low-necked hack drawn by four horses decked in bird's-eye blue—his colors. He received an enormous loving cup and enough money to open "Tom Cribb's Parlours," famed as serving the best Tom and Jerry in Christendom.

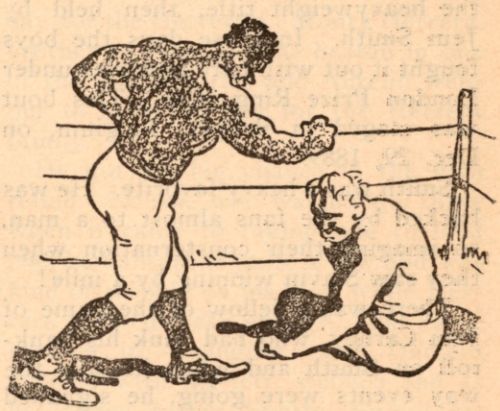
The cup was inscribed:

"For maintaining the pugilistic reputation of your native country in contending with a formidable foreign antagonist. In that contest you have given proof that the innovating hand of a foreigner when lifted against a son of Brittania must not only be aided by the strength of a lion, but the heart also."

With his second defeat Molineaux started on the down-grade, and thereafter never again figured as a championship contender. Despite this, however, Molineaux's name was spread far and wide through a provincial tour he and Richmond took. With drink almost crazing him Molineaux accepted the advice of his pal, Bill Richmond, with whom he later had a falling out, and agreed to leave the scenes of his orgies and travel in Scotland and Ireland. It was through these travels that Molineaux and Richmond gained everlasting fame, as they were the cause for the development of the sport in these countries.

Although Scotland had several high-class boxers in its midst, it was not until the arrival of Molineaux that the people began to take any interest in pugilism. His battle with George Cooper, in which he was defeated in twenty minutes, attracted great attention in Scotland; and after this defeat the negro visited Derby, where he exhibited his skill to the natives. From Scotland he went to Ireland, where he taught the stick-and-stone fighting natives the use of their fists — a use in which they became masters ere long.

It is said that Molineaux was the first boxer to engage in exhibition or fight in northern Ireland; hence to him can be



He floored his opponents with regularity

traced the development of the sport in that section of the land.

Molineaux's sun had set in 1818, when, on August 4, he expired in the band room of the 77th Regiment, where he was being cared for by two compatriots. Intemperance and disease brought down the famous gladiator to a mere shell of his once great body, and he died without funds or friends.

Shadows of the Past—Frank Slavin—

No. XIV

By FRANK E. COULTRY

IT seems that boxers nowadays haven't the picturesque aspect that characterized the old-timers. Times have changed. The old boys had strange ways.

Take Frank Slavin, for one. He was a roamer, a wanderer. He fought because he loved fighting and because it was the easiest way he knew to make a living. This husky Australian made his American debut in Madison Square Garden in 1891, sparring with Charley Mitchell.

A couple of months later, on June 16, he appeared in his first fight here.

He didn't pick out a sucker, either.

As a matter of fact, his opponent was Jake Kilrain.

Slavin was dubbed the "Sydney Cornstalk," for he was born in Sydney, N. S. W., and resembled a cornstalk in general appearances.

He was pretty generally recognized as the heavyweight champion of England at the time. He had won the title in 1889, though officially it never was his.

It happened something like this: Slavin had landed in England that year after having cleaned up everything in his native land from the time he had started fighting in 1884. He fought a bout in London with Bill Good and had knocked him out in five rounds. He did the same thing to Frank Young in one round.

This made him eligible for a crack at the heavyweight title, then held by Jem Smith. In those days the boys fought it out with bare knuckles under London Prize Ring rules. This bout was staged in Bruges, Belgium, on Dec. 29, 1889.

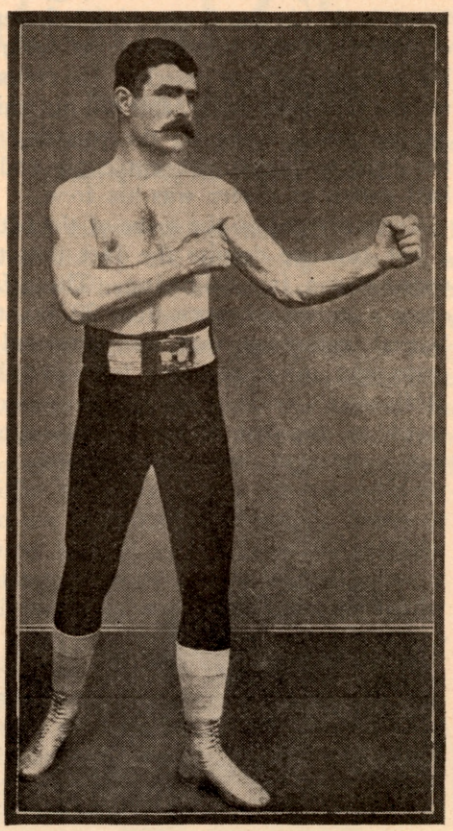
Smith was a heavy favorite. He was backed by the fans almost to a man, so imagine their consternation when they saw Slavin winning by a mile!

There was a fellow of the name of Jem Carney, who had sunk his bankroll on Smith and when he saw the way events were going, he signalled to some of his henchmen and they jumped into the ring in the fourteenth round and started a free-for-all fight. In the melee Slavin was roughly handled. Among other things someone "crashed" him with a pair of "knuckles."

The officials weren't taking any chances, so they called the bout a draw. The verdict caused a good deal of adverse comment and the sporting public conceded the title to Slavin. But he couldn't override the official decision, though he did collect his end of the $5,000 purse.

He had a couple of more fights and when he landed here he was ripe for a hard battle.

Slavin was a hard hitter. He had a crushing right hander that played havoc with his opponents. He and Kilrain met in the afternoon at the Granite Athletic Club in Hoboken. The



Frank Slavin

club-house was jammed with fans and they were treated to a rare scrap.

Slavin outpunched Kilrain and had the better of the fight in the first eight rounds. Kilrain took terrific punishment but came back gamely round after round for more.

But in the ninth Kilrain was finished. Slavin sent in a right to the face that staggered Kilrain. Jake wobbled and almost fell, yet came in again, endeavoring to land a blow himself, although he was nearly blinded. Slavin shot a right to the wind that doubled Kilrain up and sent him floundering blindly.

Slavin stared at Jake when Kilrain failed to go down.

Kilrain was one of that type that refused to believe he was defeated so long as he could stand on his feet.

Slavin determined to end the thing then and there and swung a terrific right into Kilrain's ribs. The blow resounded through the house and died down as Kilrain toppled to the floor.

Jake was out for fourteen seconds, according to the timing of John Kelly. Kilrain's seconds, Muldoon and Cleary, dragged their man to his corner and restored him to consciousness. Slavin had made a great hit.

But he took on one job soon after this that was a bit too much for him. He was challenged by Peter Jackson and being a fighter who didn't believe in the color line, Slavin accepted. The bout was staged in London on May 30, 1892, and Jackson knocked Slavin out in ten rounds.

Slavin fought a gloriously game battle against Jackson but in thirty-seven minutes Jackson had mastered him.

The Australian fought several battles after this one but after he had lost to Jackson the smell of the resin seemed to lose a lot of its attractiveness. When the rush for gold in the Klondike came late in the 90's, Slavin couldn't resist the wanderlust in his veins.

With a party of hardy adventurers like himself he went in search of gold and the party was caught in a terrific snowstorm. The food ran low and sickness hit the camp. The only hope of salvation was for one of the party to make an attempt to get back to the nearest settlement and secure food and bring it to his companions.

Slavin volunteered. His friends, who later were rescued, said that Slavin, though he had not had more than his small ration of food for days, and was very weak, insisted upon risking his life in the hope of bringing aid.

In the teeth of a raging storm he set out, waving farewell to his friends as he trudged out from their camp.

And that was the last ever heard of Frank Slavin. He perished in the storm and no trace of him ever was found afterwards.

He was born in Sydney, N. S. W., in 1862 and began his ring career when he was 22 years of age. Between then and the time he fought Jem Smith he had beaten Billy Franan (his first

(*Continued on page* 16)

The Shock That Caused Herrera's Downfall

By VERNON VAN NESS

THERE have been some hefty sockers in the game of fisticuffs but for his weight and inches none ever equalled Aurelio Herrera, of Bakersfield, Cal. One night, out in Butte, Mont., Herrera fought Benny Yanger, the hard-hitting and hard-jawed Chicago lightweight. Yanger slammed away at Herrera for two rounds and had the Mexican worried—and sore. In the third Herrera let loose with that tremendous right of his. It flared in an upward arc and crashed into Yanger's jaw.

Yanger left the floor as if he had been lifted by invisible wires. He went fully three feet into the air, then turned over and came down head foremost. Benny landed on his shoulder and broke his shoulder blade. He was out for fifteen minutes and Sheriff Jack Quinn, who was one of the last of those Bret Harte sheriffs, placed Herrera under arrest while a couple of doctors worked over Yanger, who it was feared had departed these shores. That's how hard Herrera hit 'em.

And he hit a lot of others like that. There was just one woozey thing about Aurelio. He didn't like to "take it" himself. One night, back in 1903, when he was going at his best and was cleaning up around his stamping grounds, which happened then to be in Butte, he was matched with a fellow named Kid Fredericks, who hailed from Havre, Mont., and held the Montana State lightweight championship. Fredericks was a nifty boxer and had quite a list of K. O.'s to his credit.

The Butte fans were pretty much stuck on Herrera, for they had seen him flatten out some of the best boys in the country.

But in other sections of the State he wasn't so well liked. This Fredericks person was first matched to meet Herrera in Butte, but a few days before the fight declared he couldn't get a square deal in the Mining City, even though Duncan McDonald, the old-time middleweight and a fearless and honest man, was the referee who usually officiated as the third man in the ring in that locality.

So the promoters switched the battle ground to Anaconda, about twenty-five miles distant. This was done to "give Fredericks a chance."

In the fifth round Herrera planted his right on Fredericks' chin and the Havre boy took a flop. But the Frederick backers had gone down hook, line and sinker on the boy from the cattle country and no sooner did he go down than twenty or thirty fans crowded into the ring. While the referee and a couple of policemen were trying to restore order Fredericks jumped from his corner, where he had been revived, and dashed over to where Herrera was sitting. Fredericks swung one from his hip and knocked Herrera off his chair.

The place was in bedlam. In the midst of it the referee stood counting over Herrera. Well, when Aurelio came to he was told he had been counted out. The local deputy sheriff opined that Herrera had been fouled and declared that if the Mexican wanted it the fight would be continued. But Herrera declared he would claim the foul and let it go at that. The fans said he was "yellow." But taken all in all he was justified. This episode is recalled when one thinks about Herrera not liking to "take it."

The greatest fight Herrera ever had probably was that with Battling Nelson in Butte. In those days Butte was the stamping ground for the champions. It was along in this period that Jack Monroe bobbed up and fought four rounds to a draw with Jeffries in Butte when Jeff was the heavyweight champion. All the notables were around at about that time. Stanley Ketchel, another of the great sockers of ring history, blossomed forth in the old camp that Marcus Daly and Senator William A. Clark tried at different periods to place upon the map.

Herrera had put away such fellows as Young Corbett (after Corbett had lost his title); Yanger, Kid Broad (It was the first time the Kid had been knocked out); Eddie Santry, Kid Abel, Jack Clifford, Kid Tracey and a lot of others. Before appearing in Butte, the Mexican had knocked out Biddy Bishop, the present-day boxing manager and sport writer; Solly Smith, Joe Welch, Tommy Barry, Billy De Coursey and Jack Lowery and had been knocked out by Terry McGovern and bested by Abe Attel.

Well, a lot of big sports around the Mining City, red hot sports, among them Jerry Clifford, who was the big promoter of the city, and one of those "square-shooting" fellows who thought nothing was too good for Butte, induced Billy Nolan, who was in and out of Butte in his capacity of fight promoter and fight manager, to bring Battling Nelson on for a match with Aurelio. And the match was made, the writer being among those present who watched the proceedings.

It was held in a big wooden bowl, smaller, but on the same style as Boyle's Thirty Acres in Jersey City. It was one of those long, lazy, hot September afternoons that sizzle the folks out in the high altitude of Montana. Bat had been studying Herrera's record and discovered that out of some sixty odd battles Herrera had emerged victor by the K. O. route in over forty.

Bat was a bit cautious. He trained hard in a roadhouse south of the city. In another roadhouse a couple of miles farther from town Herrera did his training. Now, the difference between Nelson's training and Herrera's was this: Herrera trained on black cigars and whiskey and stayed up all night dancing.

But he had done this before and he thought it would do in this case. There were about 10,000 fans in the stands when the fight started. It was a bad day for the Herrera's. Monty Herrera, brother of Aurelio, was beaten in one of the preliminaries and Aurelio went out to save the day for the Herrera family.

He got his big chance in the fifth round. Nelson, who was no shy thing when it came to taking one to land one, had absorbed quite a few and was kind of wobbly on his pins, while Herrera seemed fresh enough. Bat came rushing in, swinging, and Herrera stabbed with his left, stabbed and as he landed rather lightly, turned his wrist and pulled down Bat's guard. This was an old trick of Herrera's.

Bat's jaw was uncovered and quick as greased lightning the Mexican shot over that wicked uppercut that carried its deadly sleeping potion. It landed flush on Bat's jaw, but a bit high for the "button." Nevertheless, Bat went down like a poled ox. Only he didn't stay down. He got onto one knee and looked blankly at Referee Dunc Mc-

(*Continued on page* 38)

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On "Battling" Siki

By SIDNEY BLACKMER

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SIKI is a savage, but if the French Government sends him back to Senegal, devotees of the prize ring will miss a most interesting experience. Siki is the most fascinating fighter I have seen, and perhaps it is because all that elemental instinct of his comes to the fore in his battles and startles the spectator into a realization of the unusual in the man.

Last summer in Paris, I was running myself ragged (as most Americans do in Europe), trying to see and do too much, but I called off a dinner-theatre party to see this man Siki, in a bout with Nilles, the French heavyweight champion. The papers were full of the Grand Prix and the Bal de L'Opera; the season was at its big climax—but Siki was attracting attention anyway. The papers were full of him and his name was heard often on the boulevards. He had dropped in a few days before at Marseilles, just an hour before his scheduled fight, and had knocked out a highly rated heavy in three rounds and had then roamed away again.

With a party of New Yorkers, I left early in a funny French "cheater," as Paris taxis should be called, and reached the Velodrom d'Hiver about 8. The place was packed as our own Garden is, and the enthusiasm was high—I have found, as an actor, that a prize fight is a good place to study emotion. for it certainly runs the gamut in a crowd. In those preliminaries, for instance, there was enough excitement to last the summer and enough blood to float a turnip.

It was all most exciting—the blue haze of smoke hovering mysteriously above, the vast crowd, and the great Xray arclights hanging in a square over the ring blazing their light only on those modern Gladiators. The announcer would have made Joe Humphreys laugh. He told us all about it, but he did it so quickly that we couldn't find the place on the program. Most of the yelling and booing comes from a cheering section of standees, about forty deep surrounding the rear ringside section. Unfortunately for me, I had been misled by my imagination into dressing in bib and tucker and a high silk hat for a later engagement, and wearing it to this fight.

Perhaps I had seen some pictures of English fight crowds and noticed that evening clothes had predominated—but silk hat and the white gloves for this one particular evening didn't go well. I don't think a knowledge of French was necessary for me to know that the resonant sounds were "razzberries" and for me they were good-natured enough about it, calling out "Prince Albare" and other amusing titles, but it was damned embarrassing. I learned then and there—as I put my hat under my chair—that clothes make the man. Yes, if they're worn by the lady he's with!

These people were fans, all right, and they tell you if they like it and they tell you if they don't. The whirlwind fighting in the prelims kept the crowd on edge and they were primed when Siki and Nilles entered the ring.

Nilles was popular—a husky, good-looking, well-conditioned, hard-hitting fullback. Siki, wonderfully well-knit, shining like polished mahogany, his face smeared with black putty; certainly not intelligent looking, but muscled by a master sculptor, a thorough racehorse up as far as his neck.

At the bell, Nilles walked to the center of the ring. Siki glowered at him from near his corner—Nilles turned to a neutral corner and stood there, his arms spread out on the ropes—smiling—waiting. The negro moved slowly, very slowly, toward him, panther-like. His face was a stupid stare. When he was within a pace of Nilles, there was a swish, a flash, a thud!

His terrific left landed full on the white man's ribs. There was enough force in that blow to rock Gibraltar. The white heavyweight, as amazed as we were, just managed to keep from going through the ropes. A great red welt rose on his ribs. This was the first blow—it came very near being the last.

Nilles covered up wonderfully in the early rounds, as Siki fought slowly, silently, dangerously. At times, Siki's movements suggested the effect obtained by a slow motion camera. It was uncanny; the smoothness, the precision of his defense and attack. And he put a ton of pressure behind every blow with left or right, intending each to land and land hard.

Some of the simplicity of his personality came out when Nilles landed on his mouth with a short left jab. He got a great laugh from the crowd when he backed away, felt his jaw and then looked soberly at his glove to see if it was bloody. The crowd was getting sore at Nilles because he wasn't boring in—all he did was watch for those sledge hammers which were piling up on his neck and ribs.

His great condition and fear of a knockout kept him on his feet. Two or three times after clinches, Siki crouched the way Jeffries used to do and grinned up at his opponent, his face open, inviting a lead. It occurred to me that this would have been dangerous with a man as quick as Carpentier or Dempsey. Nilles swung down with his right, but it was funny how lightly he would land. Siki rolled it off of his face as if it were a feather and the crowd booed Nilles. He simply couldn't hit the negro.

The fight went the limit of 15 rounds, but Siki was the winner from that first blow. He made a monkey out of a man with a big reputation, fighting on his own stamping grounds and saved from a knockout only by his experience and Siki's lack of it. A badly battered, groggy, beaten white man crawled through the ropes, leaving a grinning savage with a child's intelligence and a curious cunning strutting around the ring, with cheers echoing in his ears. Dempsey or Wills could have won that fight, but I don't know any others who could have stopped that savage, Senegalese slugger.

Training Camps

(*Continued from page 6*)

It was about a week before Huggins found out about the "Mogridge negotiations," and quickly set Izzy right.

Another time, Slim Caldwell, the Yankee pitcher, won a pair of ducks at a shooting match in Macon. Not knowing what to do with them, he took them up to Kaplan's room, filled the bath tub with water and let them have a swim.

Izzy went up to his room, opened the bathroom door, and saw some wild creatures splashing water right and left. He took no chance on being attacked, and hastily retreated to the lobby downstairs. He ran up to the clerk's desk, and yelled: "There's some wild things in my bathroom. Somebody come up quick! They make funny noises and they're flopping their wings and splashing all over the place."

THAT WEDDING PRESENT

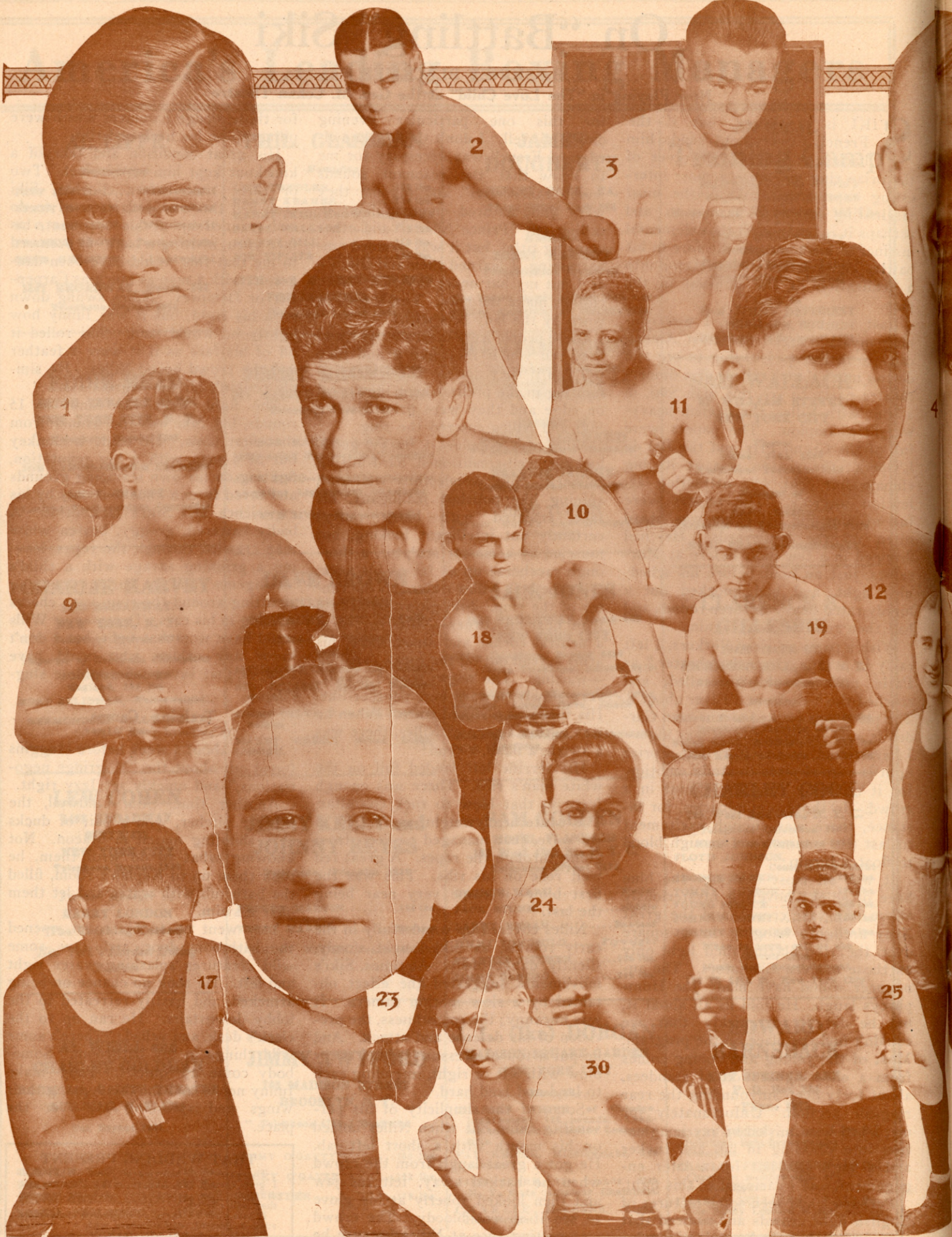
They are to be married in June. What shall I give them? I'd like to make them a gift different from others they will receive—one they will cherish.

If you care to spend one hundred dollars for such a present, communicate with

J. WILSON GANDY

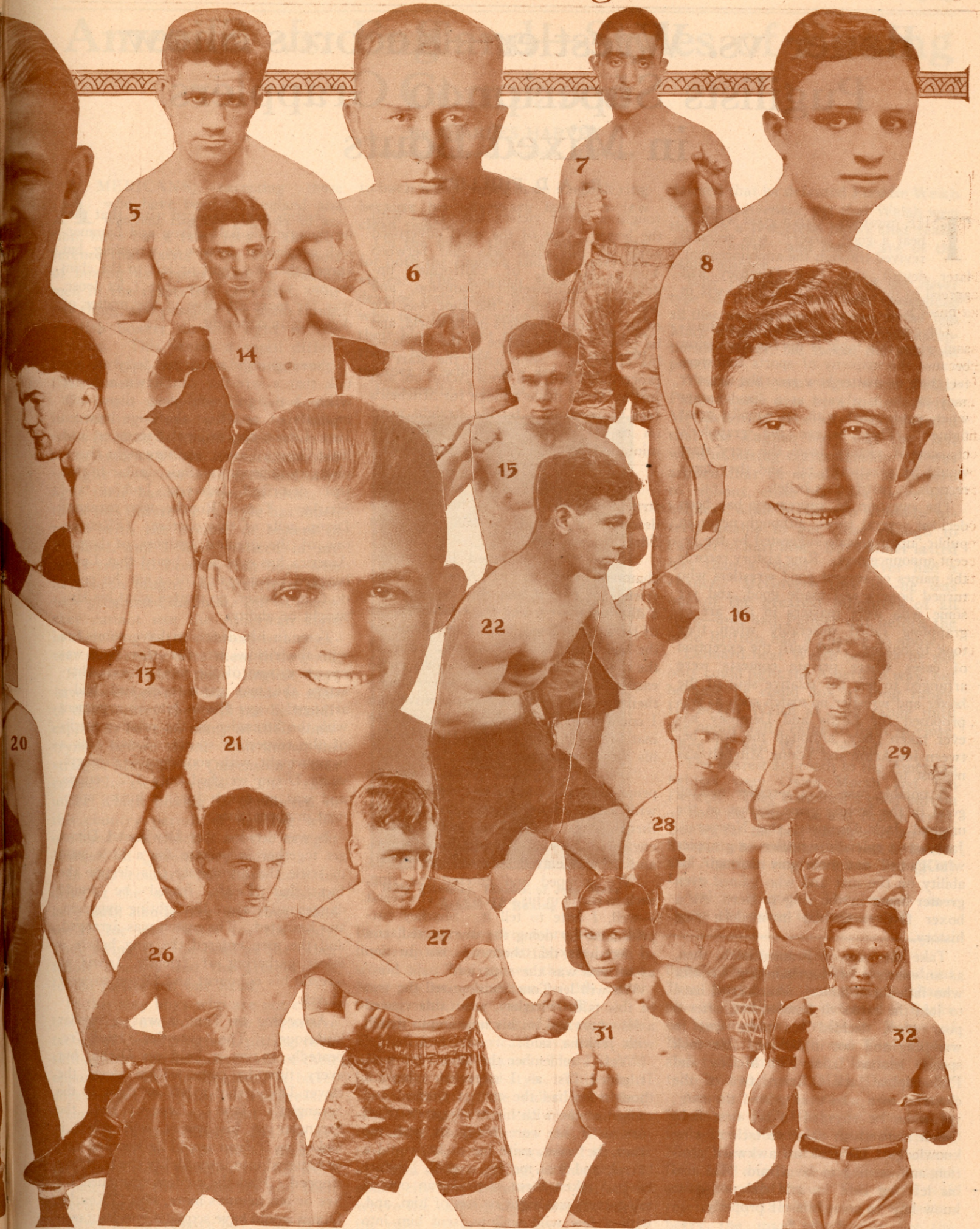
Box 51-B, Comstock Prison, Comstock, N. Y.

The Gamecocks of the Fistic Wor—



1—MIDGET SMITH, New York
2—CARL TREMAINE, Cleveland
3—JOHNNY BUFF, Jersey City
4—BUD TAYLOR, Chicago
5—TERRY MARTIN, Providence
6—YOUNG MONTREAL, Providence
7—CARL DUANE, New York
8—JOE BURMAN, Chicago
9—JACK SHARKEY, New York
10—ABE GOLDSTEIN, New York
11—DANNY EDWARDS, California
12—ABE FRIEDMAN, Boston
13—JOE LYNCH, New York (World's Bantam Champion)
14—FRANKIE SINCLAIR, New York
15—FRANKIE FASANO, New Jersey
16—SA
17—PA
18—ED
19—BA

—The Champion and His Challengers



NABLE, New York
NO VILLA, Manila
DANDERSON, Western Bantam
TING LEONARD, Philadelphia

20—JOHNNY CURTIN, Jersey City
21—SPENCER GARDNER, Newport, R. I.
22—JOHNNY ROSE, Canada
23—TERRY McHUGH, Allentown, Pa.
24—JACK KID WOLFE, Cleveland
25—HAROLD FARASE, Newark, N. J.
26—FRANKIE JEROME, New York
27—HARRY LONDON, New York
28—DANNY LEE, New York
29—FRANKIE GENERO, New York
30—EDDIE O'DOWD, Columbus, O.
31—CHARLIE GOODMAN, Brooklyn, N. Y.
32—YOUNG KID WOLFE, Philadelphia, Pa.

Boxer vs. Wrestler—Records Show Pugilists Superior to Grapplers in Mixed Bouts

By A. D. PHILLIPS

THE question, "Can a good wrestler beat a good boxer?" was recently revived through the announcement, later denied, that Jack Dempsey had agreed to mix it with Strangler Lewis in a finish bout.

The general public shows little enthusiasm when this topic is up for discussion because the majority of sports followers feel that, no matter how great the wrestler may be, he is always at a disadvantage when confronted with an equally great fighter. They believe the grappler's chances of victory from the very start would be practically nil, and they have records to justify this belief.

The question of supremacy has been decided several times, although never in public, upon a scale suggested by the recent announcement. Ring history records the names of several good wrestlers who turned boxers and made good, and yet some who were masters in the art of grappling failed miserably when they took to boxing. But with the exception of cases where private contests were arranged to test the relative skill of the boxer and wrestler no match such as was proposed for Lewis and Dempsey has ever taken place, although the bout between Joe Acton and Young Mitchell was nearest to it.

A notable case of a wrestler making good in the boxing game is that of the original Jack Dempsey, the Nonpareil. Jack was a splendid wrestler—a grappler who gained national fame through his ability on the mat and who gained even greater fame in the ring proper. As a boxer few excel him in modern ring history.

Take the case of Frank Gotch, then, as an example of the champion wrestler who failed as a boxer. Frank tried hard to join the ranks of boxers, but, after a poor start, decided his place was in wrestling and not in boxing. He took special lessons from Kid McCoy and Philadelphia Jack O'Brien, two of the cleverest men who ever graced the ring; yet when he engaged in his first fight Gotch showed an absolute lack of ring knowledge. He took an awkward position and seemed to be afraid. He had his left leg bent in, and did not quite know how to poise himself properly.

* * *

Every case on record where a wrestler fought a boxer victory has rested with the boxer. One of the most advertised bouts of this class was that between Young Mitchell, of California, undefeated middleweight champion, and Joe Acton. Acton at the time was one of the greatest wrestlers in the world, and he proved a mere novice in the hands of his opponent. Soon after the start of proceedings Mitchell drew Acton on, and just as Acton made a lunge for Mitchell's feet he received a terrific straight right on the jaw, and came to about five minutes later.

* * *

Tom Jenkins, who is the wrestling instructor at West Point, a few days ago described a "battle" he had with Tom Sharkey years ago:

"I was the undisputed heavyweight champion wrestler of America when friends of myself and Sharkey got into a discussion regarding the relative merits of boxing and wrestling. I was firmly of the belief that a good wrestler, using all the holds legalized in his sport, could easily master the greatest of boxers using their special blows, and I felt positive that I could pin any boxer's shoulders to the mat before he had a chance to shoot in his famous punches.

"Tom Sharkey was present, and he proposed that we retire to the gymnasium with a few of our friends and give my theory a test. Tom was ever eager to engage in any kind of rough-house stunts, and he was elated to meet me.

"We stripped and entered the ring, each to battle in his own way. The result—well, I hate to tell it. Sharkey surprised me by doing the unexpected, and so decisively that there was no question as to who was the superior."

We will let Tom Sharkey tell the rest of this tale. Sharkey, when interviewed a few days ago on his impromptu match with Jenkins, said:

"Yes, I remember the bout very well. It ended just as I expected. Jenkins thought he had the contest cinched and rushed at me with his arms outstretched just as if he were ready to grab me about the waist, raise me as he would a barrel, and toss me for a goal. Before he had taken three steps I ran out of my corner, was right on top of him, and, with a few wild wallops, sent him into dreamland.

"Jenkins acknowledged after that that he thought the half-nelson and hammerlock a splendid defense in wrestling, but agreed that the right or left to the chin, coming with the force that I let loose, was far more effective in the matter of downing an opponent."

* * *

Showing still more the folly of the talk that a wrestler can down a boxer when both are employing their own methods of attack is the bout between Ivan Lewis, the original Strangler, and little George Dixon, featherweight champion; an impromptu affair similar to that just described between Jenkins and Sharkey. Tom O'Rourke, who managed Dixon, tells of this contest. O'Rourke, one of the greatest trainers of boxers America has ever had, heard that Lewis bragged considerably of what he could do to any boxer, no matter what his size, weight or ability.

Tom, in his desire to have some fun with the vicious wrestler—for Ivan was known as one of the most vicious characters the mat game ever had had—arranged to get Dixon into an argument with the Strangler on the relative merits of the respective sports. Lewis was a heavyweight with considerable strength, while Dixon weighed only 122 pounds, and was no match for his husky opponent in appearance.

It was decided that Lewis and Dixon get together in private for a little setto to settle the argument; this despite the fact that Lewis feared he would dangerously injure his fighting opponent, and hesitated. The match was arranged, and the men entered the ring before a select gathering of friends, Lewis to wrestle his opponent and Dixon to wear gloves.

According to Tom it was a regular burlesque. The wrestler tried repeatedly to get a hold on Dixon, but every time he came within range the clever Dixon shot a left or right to the Strangler's face. George had the Strangler at his mercy, and when it looked as if Ivan would be knocked cold or battered into insensibility the bout was stopped. Had the contest continued for five or ten minutes more, says O'Rourke, Dixon would have scored a knockout over the heavyweight.

America vs. England—Styles of Boxing Compared

By CHARLES HARVEY

America's Leading Importer of Boxers

AMERICANS, excepting those who have been to England and watched English pugilists in action, have but a faint idea of the difference that exists in the two schools of boxing as represented by leading men in the respective countries. For one thing, and possibly the main thing, English boxers do not fight in the clinches. This seems a small difference, perhaps, but it is a big one, everything considered.

To begin with, the English boxer, in breaking clean without striking while in close, is handicapped when he boxes American boys, who are schooled to fight with one arm free and who fight their hardest when in close. I think this difference in style has much to do with the decline of boxers in England, and I have noticed in my many trips to London that boys who have been taught the American style have progressed the most. But of course they cannot use the American style in their ring battles abroad to any extent so it really does them little good.

However, when these English boys have developed a bit and decide to come to this country they will not be handicapped as have so many of their countrymen before them. You know, the straight Marquis of Queensbury rules compel a clean break. The rules under which boxing is conducted in this country permit of fighting with one hand free, which is not the straight Marquis of Queensbury ruling.

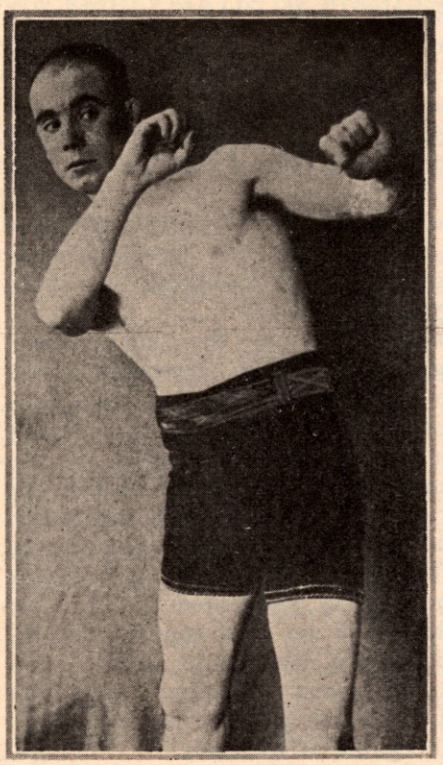
In this country our boys bore in, drive at the wind and, if possible, keep both hands free and thus stand toe to toe and batter for the body. They swing for the head as the other fellow clinches and the attacker is forced to use but one hand.

In this way boys who are not clever boxers can overcome the defensive tactics of clever ringmen, pitting their skill against the defensive skill of their opponents. But in England a boxer does not get credit for such aggressive actions. He can not fight with one arm free in the clinches and the result is that he steps back, then attacks with clean punches and his work is judged on these punches and their effectiveness.

Often an aggressive boy, who fights unusually close, forcing his antagonist to back water, loses in an English ring because his adversary lands a few clean punches.

On the whole there is much to say for both the English and the American styles. The English style tends to develop long range and fancy boxers, who tap lightly, since the weight of their blows is not the telling point in them, but rather it is the clean-cut manner in which they are landed.

Personally, I would like to see the



Billy Plimmer, Master of Jem Mace School of Boxing

British boxers develop more along the lines of the American boxers, yet I would also like to see the American boys pay more attention to this clever boxing, this long range stuff.

Such opposite styles of boxers as the English and American boys have, are not good for the game. There should be a more universal style. This might mean changing the rules a bit but what of that? The end to be sought certainly should be to the ultimate benefit of boxers. However, I haven't any idea of discoursing on this point. I could cite any number of instances where the varying styles and the varying rules worked injustices.

Willie Ritchie, for instance, always claimed that he defeated Freddie Welsh by aggressiveness, yet that Welsh won through a few clean blows that really did no harm, and many are of the same opinion.

Billy Plimmer was one of the clever type of British boxers who exemplified all that was commonly known as the Jem Mace school of boxing. He was exceptionally clever, but lacked the knockout punch.

Years and years ago when Pedlar Palmer came over here to fight Terry McGovern, it generally was conceded that the English boy was the last word in boxing craftsmanship. It was argued that he would cut McGovern to ribbons, close his eyes, leave him helpless, while McGovern would be utterly unable to get close enough to Palmer to hurt him. But Palmer lasted less than a round. He never had a chance. McGovern tore in—he was one of the greatest infighters of all time—and had Palmer out before the little Britton had a chance to show.

Leonard beat Welsh because he not only could fight the American way, but because he could box at long range. He boxed Welsh at long range until the opportunity came to fight in close. Then he had Welsh licked.

The nearest approach to the American fighters were Owen Moran and Jim Driscoll. They combined a good portion of both the American and British styles. But by far the best example of an Englishman who combined the best in British and American ring work was Ted (Kid) Lewis.

And so it goes. The moral is—"learn the other fellow's style."

(*Continued from page* 14)

fight); Harry Laing; had knocked out Tom Burke, the heavyweight champion of Queensland; defeated S. Burke of Rickingham; Professor Babbs of Brisbane; Ivo Bligh and Tom Taylor and twice drew with "Buffalo" Costello and defeated Mick Dooley.

Among others, too, who faced Slavin was Jack Burke, he who fought for seven hours with Andy Bowen at New Orleans. Burke went to Australia in 1888 and Burke and Slavin fought an eight-round draw. This battle was refereed by the Marquis of Queensberry, the man responsible for the modern boxing rules.

What Breeds Fighting Men?

Is It Desire of Combat, Pugnacity, Racial Breeding, Heroics, Conceit, or Chance and Environment?

By JACK SKELLY

PUGILISM is the most logical of sports.

Pugilism is practically synonymous with pugnacity.

But the logic goes much further than that.

You will find that pugilists are the product of their environment.

In baseball the farmer boys are in the majority among the stars.

In wrestling the farmer boys again are on top.

The big boned, big muscled farmer boys, or boys from small towns where greater opportunities for outdoor exercise exist have been found to make the greater oarsmen, football players, hockey stars, foot racers.

But in pugilism the champions have risen—practically every one of them—from the crowded marts, from the crushed-in tenement districts.

There is less reason, less opportunity for pugnacity in the country.

In the cities, especially in the larger cities or in the poorer sections of cities, boys find themselves forever surrounded by the necessity of fighting their way upwards, or forwards. It is a case of survival of the fittest, and such an environment quite naturally might be supposed to produce fighting men that would shine in the squared circle. The only illogical thing about pugilism is its refusal to turn down the apparently physically inferior boy.

The environment of a tenement district is not supposed to produce robust boys, and yet fighters are robust, exceptionally so.

It used to be a popular fallacy that fighters were the product of fighting races. This seemed especially true when the Irish race held sway in pugilistic ranks. But time has shown that no race holds a mortgage on fighting ability. It is true, however, that the Irish race produces the greater number of great ringmen.

The Italian, Jew, Filipino, Mexican, Frenchman, Pole, Swede, Dane, German, Englishman and straight native American all have reached the pinnacle of pugilistic fame.

But a close study will show that the majority of champions and the majority of near-champions have risen from the crowded spots of the earth.

For many years Bristol, England, and Birmingham, England, led the world in producing champions and great men of the ring. Ireland sent men from all its counties. The cradle of great boxers in Australia has been Sydney. In America the champions have come from many sections, but San Francisco, New York and Brooklyn—in the days when Brooklyn was a city by itself (and today as well)—have contributed more than their share of champions.

Today New York City holds the unusual distinction of being the birthplace of no less than three of the present-day champions.

Benny Leonard, lightweight champion, first saw the light of day under the skies of Manhattan Isle.

Joe Lynch, bantamweight crown bearer, was born and bred within sound of the roar of the Roaring Forties.

Johnny Wilson, the much criticised but nevertheless very much crowned king of the middleweights, was born in New York City.

Jack Dempsey, the heavyweight king, was born in Manassa, Colo., which is a very small town. But Jack did not linger long at the family hearthstone, for one reason or another, preferring to strike out into the world in search of wealth and glory. Thus he was bred in an environment of continual strife. Cowboy, hobo, wanderer, he frequented the crowded spots. And he was touched by his environment. He became imbued with that vital spark of pugilistic pugnacity without which no man ever rose high in the game of fisticuffs.

Harry Greb, the light heavyweight champion, hails from the smoke smothered city of Pittsburgh, the city of iron and coal, and hard hides. And he was born in a none too exclusive section of Pittsburgh, where each and every lad who survived to hold his head erect and unafraid, did so only after he had subdued his protesting and pugnacious neighbor.

Johnny Wilson and Benny Leonard are sons of New York's East Side, a place where there is a ceaseless struggle for survival. In the shadows of the East Side's tall and drab and cheerless tenements, on the edge of the East River where natural battlegrounds abound, only the strong of heart, the natural fighter comes up smiling.

On the West Side of New York City, abreast of Hell's Kitchen, within earshot of the hulubulu of the Roaring Forties life is not soft. No, sir, it is not soft there. And from there came Joe Lynch.

Mickey Walker, the new welterweight champion, is from the wild reaches of Elizabeth. Don't let anyone tell you that Elizabeth is all smiles. She is not. She just isn't that sort of a girl. Not on your life. Elizabeth, N. J., around the neighborhood where Walker first opened his eyes to the light of the world, provides plenty to occupy a young lad basically inclined and endowed by nature to resent unjust but persistent onslaughts by larger and more sophisticated youths. Mickey Walker learned to put up his "dukes" while still unable to button his own shoes. It's the rough environment that makes fighters.

Nowadays we don't look upon Johnny Kilbane as being very rough, because Johnny is one of our champions who doesn't do much hard fighting. But be that as it may, there was a time when Johnny mixed it as hard as the next one. And he didn't learn his trade in a boys' summer camp, either. Johnny fell heir to his pugnacity, his inwrought fighting instinct, in the alleyways and along the river front in Cleveland.

One other champion of the day there is to name. He is Pancho Villa, the mite of a Filipino. This bundle of forked lightning came into possession of the flyweight title by reason of his early training and breeding. He came from a fighting clan of Filipinos who were not entirely expunged when Uncle Sam took over the Philippine Islands. Fighting, for real blood and real heads—they say his kin sometime back in the pages of history were head hunters—produced Pancho. He was the product of an environment where it was death for the inferior fighting man. No wonder he can electrify a crowd with his terrific fighting. It was born in him and then bred into him in a school that recognized no right save the one of might.

This history of pugilism will lead one through some strange byways but always through crowded ones.

(EDITOR'S NOTE—*This is the first of a series on what breeds fighting men. The next will appear in an early issue.*)

Minute Rests Between Rounds

By EDDIE BORDEN

CHALK up another victory to the credit of Kid Experience. Phil Bloom of Brooklyn, a veteran with over twelve years of ring knowledge behind him, met Tony Lyons of New York in a twelve-round bout at one of the Brooklyn clubs recently. Lyons, a comparative youngster, with very little fistic experience, but carrying a healthy wallop in either hand, floored Bloom twice in the first round for the count of nine each time, and it looked like curtains for Bloom. He was in bad condition, lying over the ropes, when the bell rang ending the first round. Bloom stalled through, using every possible method known, in the second round, to divert Lyons's attention from swinging that heavy right hand. He was in full possession of his senses in the third round and regained his full strength beginning the fourth round. From the fourth round on Bloom captured every round, his left hand being the exclusive stock in trade. Bloom won the decision.

Jack Bradley, who performed in the amateur ranks at the same time Dave Rosenberg was in the "simon pures," has been battling around Jersey City for a year, but has not made much progress. The competition is very tame there, and he intends to move over on the New York side to secure more profitable engagements. Jack boxed Sam Lagonia, Dave Rosenberg and several others who are making good in the pro ranks, and is a good man to watch while in action.

Nick Foley, the tough aggressive lightweight from Brooklyn, has been performing in such meritorious fashion that Jimmy Marsh, the promoter of the Broadway Exhibition Association of Brooklyn, is beginning to predict bright and rosy things for Nickie's future. Jimmy started Nick as a preliminary fighter, and in fourteen battles has accumulated one of the largest individual followings that any battler boasted of. Nick and Pepper Martin will draw $60,000 at Ebbetts Field this summer, is Jimmy's prophecy.

Willie Singer, former bantam and featherweight amateur champion, has been going like a house afire since entering the money-makers, and has scored four knockouts in his five battles. In his other start, he fought one of the greatest six-round bouts ever seen in New York with Lew Kreger. He won the decision, but had to fight every inch of the way to get it.

Below is a list of youngsters who are under 21 years of age and are unable to box more than six rounds in New York State on account of the ruling of the State Athletic Commission. Nine-tenths of them are able to go a longer distance without any great difficulty, and the result is that the progress of these future stars is retarded to a great extent: Lew Perfetti, Johnny Green, Sid Terris, Harry Galfund, Eddie Martin, Lew Hurley, Carl Duane, Willie O'Connell, Nat Pincus, Lew Paluso, Joey Silvers, Jimmy Hutchinson, Marty Silvers, Jackie Coburn, Sammy Vogel, Hilly Levine, Joie Leonard, Joey Weiner, Johnny Vestri, August Pisano and Charley Izzo are recorded according to their merits, and there are some that have been overlooked.

One of the best known and most likable characters in the boxing game, Fred Costain, who assisted Paddy Mullins in controlling the destinies of Harry Wills, the foremost contender for Jack Dempsey's crown, and Mike O'Dowd, the recognized middleweight champion, has passed beyond the great divide.

His wife died five days previously, and Fred died of a broken heart. Paddy Mullins, Scotty Monteith, Joe Woodman and George Lawrence were at the bedside when the spark of life was extinguished. He was fifty-two years of age, and was connected with the boxing game for thirty-five years. He was associated with Paddy Mullins for the past ten years in the guise of an advisor and general secretary.

Larry Goldberg, the promising young bantamweight from Coney Island, finally broke the barrier leading into the invisible first division, by scoring a clean-cut victory over Irish Johnny Curtin at New Bedford last month. Larry has had a total of two and a half years of ring service—one year and a half in the amateurs, and one year in the professionl ranks.

Sol Seaman, the Harlem featherweight, who has decided to make a trip to the Coast, has been going along like a house afire, and is cleaning up all the men in his class. Up to date he has compiled a record of sixteen straight victories. He will shortly be matched with Oakland Jimmy Duy (Hymie Gold), who will outweight him by about ten pounds.

Jack Stark, who held the State amateur featherweight championship two years ago, and after promise of developing into a top-notch featherweight, has justified all the nice things said about him. Jack has been carefully nursed along until he has reached a high point. But of late his work has been mediocre, owing to the frequency of his battles. He has decided to take a rest which he fully deserves, and will remain on the sidelines for the next two months. Jack has fought Sol Seaman, Jimmy Mars, Johnny Coney twice, Willie Davis three times, Patsy Scanlon, Frankie Curry twice, since joining the rank and file of the money-makers.

"Wildman Gould," of Boston, has been fooling them all for the past few weeks. His opponents have all been registering the same complaint. "You can't hit him where he is, and you can't hit where he ain't, so the only thing to do is to try to hit him where he ought to be." Gould, by throwing ring tradition to the winds and out-burlesquing Willie Meehan and Pickles Martin, has had audiences roaring for rounds at his funny antics.

Lee Williams, the welterweight champion of the Southwest, who rode from Oklahoma City in 47 days on horseback, is trying his darndest to get accustomed to the ways of the big city. He is never without his horse, and gets peeved when he is stopped by the traffic cop. When he engages in ring combat he will request a special license from the Boxing Commission to allow the horse in his corner. Lee has secured Jimmy Lowe to handle his affairs.

Sid Terris, a former state and national amateur bantamweight champion, has outgrown the bantam division and is now a full-fledged featherweight. Sid is possessed with the best and fastest left hand in captivity, and does not encounter any great difficulty in holding his own with the boys around New York. He has only lost one battle in his professional career, and that was a questionable verdict to Joe Ryder of Brooklyn in his third bout. Terris claimed a foul while he was on the floor, and he was counted out by the referee, who refused to heed the appeals of Terris that he was hit low. He has been anxious to get another bout with Ryder, but Ryder does not desire a return engagement.

Herman Schipp, a youngster from the East Side who is fighting four-round bouts around town, is another promising lad who will make good eventually. He boxed one of his best battles against Georgie Muigna, a Filipino, in his first six-round bout. Although unacquainted with the knowledge of how to gauge his speed, his sheer fighting instinct managed to win him the bout, which was a furious one.

Carl Tremaine, the Cleveland bantam, made a tremendous hit in Madison Square Garden when

THEY ENTER THE NEW YEAR WEARING THE CROWN EMBLEMATIC OF PUGILISTIC SUPREMACY

World's Champions

Heavyweight — Jack Dempsey, New York.
Light Heavyweight — Battling Siki, Senegal.
Middleweight—Johnny Wilson, Boston.
Welterweight—Mickey Walker, Elizabeth, N. J.
Lightweight — Benny Leonard, New York.
Featherweight — Johnny Kilbane, Cleveland,
Bantamweight — Joe Lynch, New York.
Flyweight—Jimmy Wilde, London, England.

Champions of Europe

Heavyweight — Battling Siki, Senegal.
Light Heavyweight — Battling Siki, Senegal.
Middleweight — Roland Todd, London, England.
Welterweight—No incumbent.
Lightweight — Seaman Hall, London, England.
Featherweight—Eugene Criqui, Paris, France.
Bantamweight — Charlie Ledoux, France.
Flyweight—Jimmy Wilde, London, England.

Champions of America

Heavyweight — Jack Dempsey, New York..
Light Heavyweight — Harry Greb, Pittsburgh.
Middleweight—Johnny Wilson, Boston.
Welterweight—Mickey Walker, Elizabeth, N. J.
Lightweight — Benny Leonard, New York.
Junior Lightweight — Johnny Dundee, New York.
Featherweight — Johnny Kilbane, Cleveland,
Bantamweight — Joe Lynch, New York.
Flyweight—Pancho Villa, Philippines.

Champions of Great Britain

Heavyweight — Joe Beckett, Southampton, England.
Light Heavyweight — Jack Blumfield, London, England.
Middleweight — Roland Todd, of London, England.
Welterweight—Title in abeyance.
Lightweight — Seaman Hall, London, England.
Featherweight—Joe Fox, London, England.
Bantamweight—Tommy Harrison, London, England.
Flyweight—Jimmy Wilde, London, England.

Champions of France

Heavyweight—Battling Siki.
Light Heavyweight — Battling Siki, Senegal.
Middleweight — Maurice Prunier.
Welterweight—Paul Brevieres.
Lightweight—C. Papin.
Featherweight—Eugene Criqui.
Bantamweight — Charles Ledoux.
Flyweight—A. Bouzonnie.

Champions of Australia

Heavyweight—Colin Bell, of Sydney.
Light Heavyweight — Albert Lloyd, of Melbourne.
Middleweight — Sailor Tom King, of Brisbane.
Welterweight—Fred Kay, of Sydney.
Lightweight—Sid Godfrey, of Melbourne.
Featherweight—Bert Spargo, of Sydney.
Flyweight—George Mendies, of Brisbane.

he scored a knockout over Mike Ballerino in two rounds. Tremaine is the hardest hitting bantamweight in the country today, and stands supreme in his class, despite the fact that Joe Lynch is the recognized champion. Carl is fast on his feet, can deliver his punches with lightning speed, and can hit like the kick of a mule. He carries a wallop in either hand and hits as hard with his left as he does with his right hand.

Lew Tendler fought Pal Moran on the same card, and although Tendler was returned the winner, Moran won the admiration of the crowd by his game stand. It was the most sanguinary encounter between lightweights held in recent years, and there was heavy damage done on both sides. Tendler was forced to undergo through seven stitches, four for a cut eye, and three for his lips. Moran had three stitches on his nose. The courage of Moran was remarkable, and he was forced to go through a severe body battering. Moran punished Tendler more severely than did Champion Benny Leonard when he fought Tendler.

Tony Kelly, who is manager of fighters, par excellence, is raving over his latest charge, Buck Josephs, who claims Nutley, N. J., as his residence. Buckie is living up to advance notices and shows all signs of developing into one of the cleverest bantams in the game.

Death claimed another person to its long list of victims in the person of Andy Thomas, that sensational East Side youngster. Andy was essentially spectacular and sensational battler, and his loss will be felt by all those persons who ever came in contact with Andy. He was reserved, never boisterous, and his magnetic personality, won him many friends.

He was selected by Damon Runyon, fistic expert of the Morning American, as the next Welterweight Champion, and Bob Edgren of the World, even went further and predicted Andy as the coming Middleweight Champion. He was 21 years of age, five feet 11 inches in height, and his long sinewy narrow frame, had plenty of room for filling in purposes. Johnny Clinton, who was his opponent in the ring, at the time of his death, was hardly to blame, for that unhappy affair.

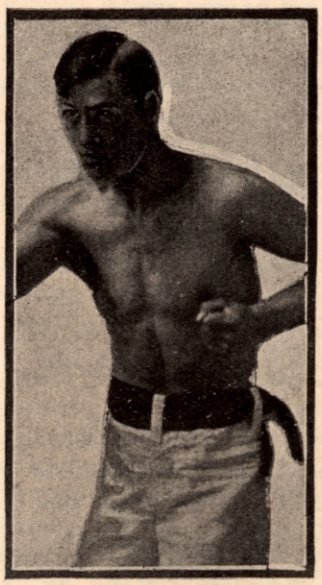
Andy went into the ring a sick man, but refused to let anyone know of his condition. Jimmy Kelly, his manager, who was in his corner that night, was unaware of the seriousness of Thomas's illness, so gamely and pluckily did he fight until he collapsed in the final round. He never regained consciousness from the time that he was carried out of the ring, until his finish the next morning.

Jackie Coburn, the good little featherweight of Brooklyn, who has been coming along at a good pace, is showing well. Coburn is restricted by the age limit and can only box six round bouts, but has shown sufficient form to qualify him to combat the top notchers in his class.

NOTES FROM WILKES-BARRE

One of the pretty boxing matches ever staged up this way was given recently by Allentown Dundee and Joe Hardy. These boys fought six furious rounds, with Hardy getting the verdict. The Wilkes Barre youth showed the veteran Dundee from Allentown a few new punches. Local promoters are trying to rematch this pair.

Charley Ettinger of Allentown, former sport scribe, and now the boss of a good stable of scrappers, is the boxing promoter in Allentown and at Shamokin. Although neither city has boasted of record breaking houses, Charley finds that he is kept pretty busy billing the shows. As a rule, he can win on a match-making proposition, and after all this is what counts.



Young Higgins of Walterville, Maine, a New England battler with an A No. 1 record.

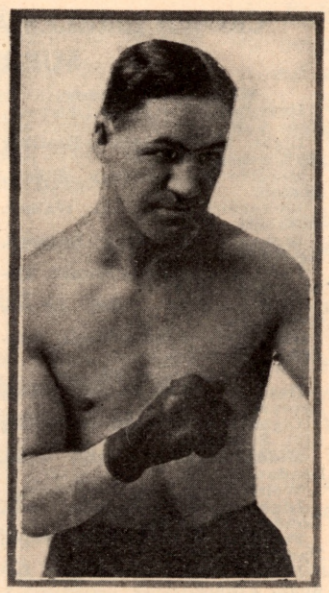
Mickey O'Brien, a sorrell topped middleweight of Wilkes Barre, who a few years back was counted as one of Pennsylvania's best battlers, is back in the ring. At the Wilkes Barre Armory recently he made his comeback, and since that time has had several offers to scrap.

Torn veins in his right arm caused Johnny Riley, the Wilkes Barre welterweight, to lose several fine matches. He received the hurt in Rochester while milling with Mickey Dempsey. Two nights later he had a chance with Bermondsey Billy Wells at Wilkes Barre, but had to cancel. Since then he has had two offers from Cincinnatti, one from Hazleton and a fourth for a return battle at Rochester with Dempsey. Father than take the chances, "Johnny" passed them all up. Riley is one of those scrappers who believes in the adage, "Action speaks louder than words," and prefers to give action while in the ring.

Tim Droney of Lancaster, who has been the trial horse for many a good lightweight, and who for a time was a fair card throughout the coal fields, is back in good favor again. He recently fought Pete Latzo at Scranton.

There seems to be little doing for the bantamweights up this way. There are only a few in the hard coal regions, and the best of them is Tommy Shamus. Tommy finds it hard to get work because he punches too hard.

Many of Gotham's fight managers have the idea that the coal fields is a gold mine, judging from the guarantees they ask for their battlers to do their "scientific stunts." In proportion to the houses drawn in this region, and in New York and Philadelphia, the local promoters are forced to go on "rack" for plenty in the way of guarantees before matches can be made.



Bobby Ward, 133-pound St. Paul boy who ranks with the top notchers.

This is unfair to the promoter who is trying to treat everybody fair. The fans cannot be asked to dig into their jeans—the promoter gives over his time, and many times is hit by a loss, while boxers and their managers ask small fortunes for ten no-decision rounds of work.

These fighters know, and their pilots do too, that the so-called big city clubs are not packing 'em in as they did a year ago—and are aware of the fact that the game is not progressing as it should because of this greed on the part of those who show their wares.

BUFFALO, N. Y., NOTES

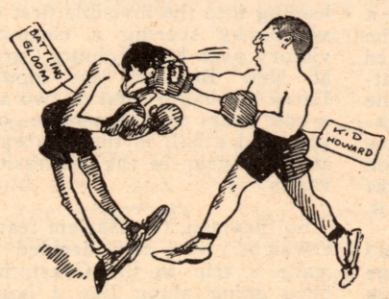
By HUGH SHANNON

Tommy Ryan, the crack McKeesport, Pa., bantam, who is now residing here, is certainly going good. He has beaten Danny Brown, Chick Suggs, Dickie Dundee, Harry London, Billy Marlowe and Al Corbett all in a row. His last fight here was with Frankie Mack, and although Ryan won by the proverbial city block, the judges called the scrap a draw. It was one of the worst decisions that has ever been rendered in Buffalo. Ryan boxed rings around Mack and made him look like a novice. And, on top of this, Ryan only weighed 118, while he allowed Mack to come in at 123.

Rocky Kansas looked better in his last fight against Chubby Brown than he has for a year. The chunky little lightweight has had some great sparring partners in Johnny Ward, McKeesport welterweight; Jack Perry, Pittsburgh welter, and Chick Branch, another 145-pounder. These rugged fellows all train at the same gym with Kansas and they put him on edge. Rocky gave Brown a good licking at Syracuse, although Chubby put up a game and willing fight. Buffalonians will string with Kansas to win over Charlie White when they meet in Madison Square Garden.

Jack Perry is boxing in top form and the rugged Pittsburgh welter looks to be in great shape. He recently beat Red McLachlan in Saginaw and Battling Budd in Atlanta. Jack will probably box Morrie Sclaiffer in Omaha and Eddie Shevlin in Boston in the near future. He

When in Chicago



Out - of - town boxers are invited to train at Kid Howard's Famous Arcade Gymnasium.

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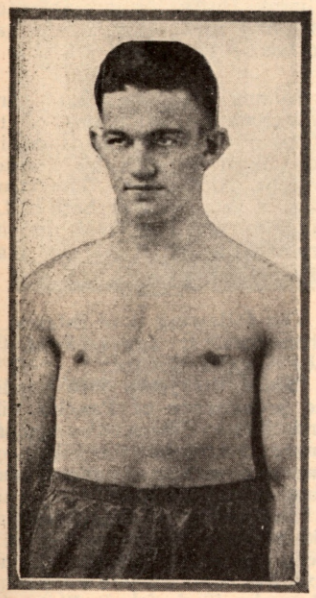
would like to box Dave Shade fifteen rounds, and is confident he can stop Dave over the long route.

Frankie Schoell is winning steadily. The young Buffalo welter has lost but one decision in over a year, and that was to Dave Shade in Omaha. Schoell had beaten Shade in Buffalo before the two met in Omaha.

Jimmy Goodrich defeated Sammy Berne here a couple of weeks ago, surprising the fans who thought Berne would triumph. Berne gave Rocky Kansas a hard battle on New Year's, but could not repeat when he met Goodrich, who outpointed him handily.



Jimmy Delaney, a light heavyweight challenger of Billy Miske and Harry Greb.

COLORADO NOTES

By SAM BUXBAUM

The best looking prospect in this section of the country is Bud Hamilton, bantamweight flash of Oklahoma, who has beaten every 118-pounder he started against. He is fast and clever and hits like a heavyweight. Most of his bouts were won via the kayo route. In three starts in December he kayoed his opponents inside of four rounds.

Jack Doyle, featherweight, is a fighter the fans like to see in action, win or lose. Jack always gives the fans a run for their money, fighting all the time.

Joe Burger, formerly of Chicago, but now of Denver, is quite a busy chap. Burger keeps busy boxing some place or other whenever he can. He has made a hit with the fans of the Mountain States as he has only lost one decision, since coming here, out of ten bouts.

Major Leon Fox gives the disabled veterans at the Fitzsimmons General Hospital a crackerjack boxing show every month. The boys sure do enjoy boxing and are great rooters for their buddies who participate.

George Lopez, of Longmont, Colo., is one of the hardest hitters around the 115-pound mark in this section of the country. He wins all his starts via the kayo and some day will make a lot of the first flight boys step some to beat him.

There are several boys who recently boxed in the D. A. C. Amateur tournament at Denver, Colo., who will be heard from in the professional ranks in a short time. At least ten of the boys looked as though they could beat a lot of pros at their weight just now, as they showed everything but ring generalship.

Tod Sloan has a youngster who looks like a real comer in Willie Hope. Hope is going like a house afire and can come out from behind and win his battle like a champion. Willie can take as well as deliver them.

Frankie Murphy, Denver welterweight, who now is in the East, has a host of friends and admirers who are keeping a close watch in Murphy's activity in the ring. They are confident that Frankie's style of milling will please the Eastern fans.

Mike Ulrick, of Pittsburgh Lyceum. A 140- pounder with a good record in the Alleghany district

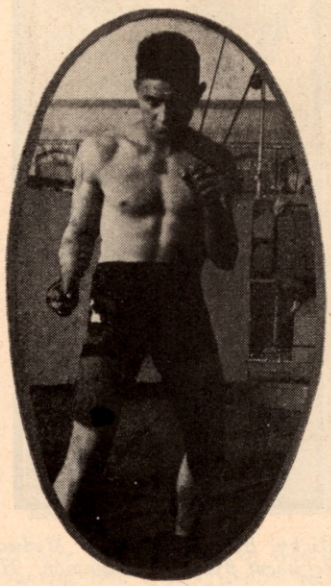
Boxers in the East who are figuring on making a western trip are cordially invited to work out at the Buxbaum Gym in Denver when they pass through. They can also buy their favorite boxing magazine, The Ring, at Sam's gym.

Heinie Schuman, Denver welterweight, would make any of the welters in the country step some to beat him. He sure would make a hit in an eastern invasion, as he is a boxer the skeptical fans like to watch in action. He goes to it all the time. He has boxed some of the best boys of his weight, including Dave Shade, Frankie Murphy, Warnie Smith, Pinkie Mitchell and others too numerous to mention.

Harry Nangle, matchmaker for the American Legion at Pueblo, Colo., put over the first show attempted with a bang, with a card that will long be remembered by the many fans that were present on January 23. Kid Belt won a twelve-round decision over Joe Burger at the show. The bout was nip and tuck all the way and was any one's fight to the last second. In the special bout of ten rounds, the fast and clever Bud Hamilton of Oklahoma won a popular referee's decision over Joe The Wop. Lou Dennison had a hard time winning the decision from Young Griffo after six rounds of hard battling. A four-round preliminary completed the bill, which was one of the best ever seen in any arena, as all the boys on the card did their level best to win.

Big Jim Shirley is on the Pacific Coast, and has several matches in the making.

With careful handling for another year or two, Leslie Showers will have a featherweight contender in Don Long of Colorado Springs. Long is improving fast, has had about twenty bouts in his short career of a year and a half in the ring, and has only lost one close decision, winning all his other starts.



Kewpie Evans, of the U. S. S. Broome. Evans is a New Haven featherweight who is now fighting on the Coast

Tommy Commiskey, Denver middleweight boxer, under the management of Tommy Eddy, will some day be a serious contender for light or heavyweight honors as he is improving fast. He is clever and carries a stiff wallop in both mitts.

DETROIT GOSSIP

By H. GOLDBERG

The boxing game has at last came into its own since the commission has decided to limit the clubs to one show a month, and there is a show staged every Monday night. With this plan in operation all of the clubs are in a fair way to have a successful season. The Danceland arena in which the shows are staged is altogether too small for the shows, as the last two shows have turned fans away. With a larger hall the fans could no doubt have an opportunity of seeing some championship bouts.

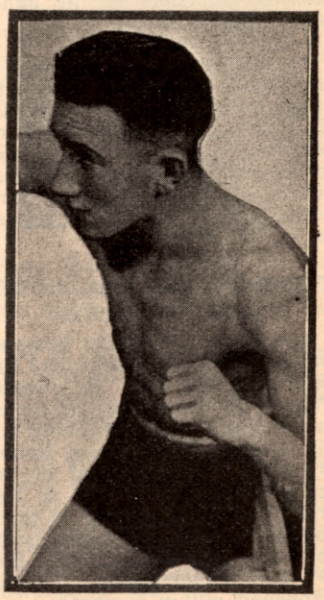
Jack McAuliffe, the local heavyweight who has been sick for some time, came into his own when he scored a knockout over Hugh Walker, the Kansas City Iron Man in three rounds. McAuliffe is one of the most promising heavyweights in the country and with careful handling he will be in line for a match with the top notchers before the year is out. Mark Shaughnessey, who is managing McAuliffe, is at present negotiating with Tex Rickard for a bout at Madison Square Garden this month.

Sid Barbarian proved to a large crowd at the Danceland February 12 that he is in line for any of the top notchers, when he decisively defeated Jimmy Goodrich in every round of a ten round bout. Goodrich was trying at all times and his cleverness surprised the fans, but Barbarian seemed to have developed a short, accurate right hand punch that had the Buffalo boy in distress on several occasions. It is likely that Sid will meet either White or Kansas here this month.

Bert Connors, matchmaker for the Lenox Athletic Club, is negotiating with Joe Burman and "Irish" Johnny Curtin for his next card which will take place at Danceland March 5. This match will draw a capacity house as both boys have large followings here.

Joe Lucas, who defeated Joe Ross, the New York flyweight, on February 12, is in great demand at all of the clubs. He is an aggressive, two handed fighter and has a promising future in front of him.

Sam Pearlstein has taken over



Al Ziemer, a clever Cleveland bantam, who is being tutored by Johnny Kilbane.

the management of Darky Griffin, bantamweight, and Whitey Black, two of the best colored boys in the country. Black has fought Tiger Flowers, Panama Joe Gans and nearly all of the boys in that division while Griffin is considered the best boy of his weight in this part of the country. Pearlstein is at present negotiating with Buffalo promoters where they are staging some mixed bouts.

CLEVELAND NOTES

By PARSON TOM McGINTY

Johnny Karr is a boy all the stars of the East are passing up, and when his name is mentioned they all go in the cellar. There's Dave Shade; why doesn't he box Karr Frankie Schoell, Ward, Walker and the rest of them won't give this fellow a chance and he will box any of them t any weight they wish to make. He has scored four straight kayoes over Tilly Kid Herman, Wildcat Nelson, Dennis O'Keefe and Johnny Celmars. This boy Karr is a real fighter. Ask Jack Malone, he knows.

Charley O'Connell, another big star of Cleveland, who defeated Pinkie Mitchell, knocked out Eddie Shannon twice, beat Babe Picato and many others, and fought Mel Coogan to a standstill, as well as Blockie Richards; in his last time out, knocked Johnny Donnelly all over the ring at Erie, having him down for the count three times. But he cannot get a chance in the big city—why?

O'Connell will box anybody in the world at 135 pounds, and don't care who it is. He doesn't challenge Benny Leonard, the Peerless Leader, for the simple reason he knows he must show what he is made of before he gets such a chance. But mark my word, the first promoter who gives him a chance with some of the good lightweights will be hollering for an O'Connell-Leonard match. O'Connell is a tall, rangy fellow and one of the greatest punchers in the lightweight division.

Al Corbett, bantamweight, is another boy who is trying to break in down East, and his last time out gave Tommy Ryan, of McKeesport, who scored a victory over Joe Burman at Louisville a short time ago, a hard battle. Al has scored 18 kayoes in his last 34 fights.

TORONTO, CANADA, NOTES

By C. W. SMITH

Ted Joyce, champion bantamweight of Canada, looks like the next champion of the world. That is, if he can get Joe Lynch in the ring. Ted is knocking out all comers. He flattened Bobby Dyson in New Bedford in the tenth round; then went to Detroit to k. o. Joe Cotter in three rounds, and finally came home to Toronto to stiffen Phil O'Dowd in four rounds. This all happened within a month.

Joyce is only 21. He's just coming along and Hughie Shannon, the Buffalo manager, who has Ted under his direction, thinks the young Canadian star is the best hitter for his weight in the country. Joyce and Bobby Eber will box in Toronto some time in February for the championship of Canada. This match is sure to draw $12,000 or better.

Midget Smith gave Curley Wilshur, a local featherweight, a sound beating in ten rounds at the Coliseum on Jan. 24. Wilshur was all but out in the ninth and tenth rounds when Smith punched him all over the ring. Smith weighed 126 pounds at 2 o'clock, which makes it appear that the one-time midget is getting big. Wilshur weighed 124 pounds in the afternoon, but probably weighed about 127 or more in the ring.

Frankie Bull, at one time a very promising lightweight, is not doing much boxing. Frankie is a good boy, but has not been handled right.

Micky Black, the 102d Medical Regiment flyweight champion. He is an excellent drawing attraction.

Bantamweight boxers are the best cards here now. The fans like to see the little fellows and they draw best.

Battling Moses, of St. John, who looks like a black diamond from the Cape Breton collieries, is a believer in the theory that enough is quite sufficient. Recently Moses tried to be a leader but his opponent, Mike Collins, refused to follow. Moses then decided he would dive—and he did.

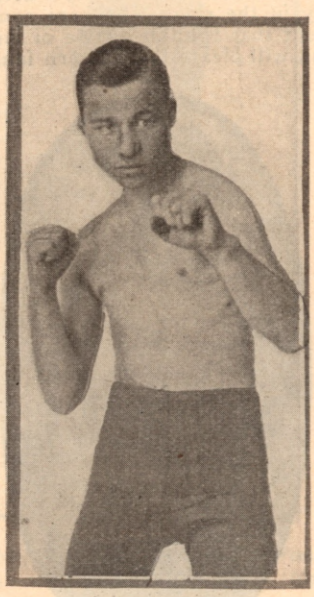
CALIFORNIA NOTES

By JOE WATERMAN

The features of the month in Coast boxing were the reopening of the game in Seattle and the record crowds drawn in Oakland and Los Angeles by the Jimmy Duffy-Ray Long and Bud Ridley-Danny Kramer contests. The later scrap drew the biggest house in the history of Jack Doyle's Vernon arena, over three thousand people being turned away. Kramer had been doing some great fighting around Portland, Ore., against Nunes, Joe Gorman and Weldon Wing, while Ridley was doing the same in the South against Jimmy Dundee, Ernie Goozeman and Frankie McCann. When the two met it was to decide the featherweight championship of the Pacific Slope.

Duffy won over Long in a good fight, scoring a knockdown over the Oklahoma welter, but the Ridley-Kramer battle was not so easy. Danny received a close and unpopular decision and the two were rematched for the following week before they left the ring, but Kramer was taken sick the day before the bout and his place was taken by Jackie Norman, the Brooklyn featherweight, who is now here. Norman put up a great fight, but Ridley was in good condition and won easily.

Jack Josephs, the St. Paul welterweight, has become a great favorite in the four-round game. He took part in four battles during the month. The one against Joe Benjamin will be long remembered here. Josephs had the classy Benjamin shaded at the end of the third, but a right cross to the chin sent Josephs to the canvas for the count of nine and won the fight for Jack Kearns' lightweight.



Bud Manning, flyweight champion of the Pacific Coast. He has an enviable record in four-round bouts.

Johnny Reisler, the New York featherweight, has arrived here and will be soon seen in action against either Danny Nunes or Bud Ridley.

Lew Diamond is here with Johnny Buff, Ray Neuman and Joe Kane. The Jersey manager found work for his boys immediately, Neuman beating Leo Matlock, Kane being stopped by Dick Hoppe and Buff losing to "California" Joe Lynch via the decision route in the main event at Oakland.

Mel Coogan, Harold Farese, Sam Mosberg and Ted Seidman are staying in California for the winter. This quartette has just returned from a trip to Australia and the Philippines, and complain bitterly against their mistreatment by the promoters there. Farese especially is very hostile owing to the deal handed him by the Olympic Club of Manila. None of the boys stayed for their full contract fights, paying their own way home after the first or second contest.

Phil Salvadore is now lightweight and welterweight champion of the Coast. He copped the first title from Joe Benjamin and then won the other honor from Jack Josephs, who had beaten Jimmy Duffy for it. Salvadore is going great guns and is hard to beat just now.

Johnny Kilbane has wired Matchmaker Wadhams of the Vernon Club that he is coming to California with his featherweight, Al Zeimer. The champion is very popular here in Los Angeles, where he won the title from Abe Attell eleven years ago.

The following is of interest to promoters. It appeared in the Los Angeles Record:

"Since the jump into pugilistic prominence of Pancho Villa and Elino Flores, the general impression is that the Filipino is supreme ruler of the boxing ring in the Orient.

"But much to the chagrin of the proud Filipinos, who try to keep the matter a secret, 'tis not so. For who do you suppose is champion of the Philippine Islands?

"You've guessed it; an Irishman!

"For lo, these many years Jeremiah Dennis Monohan has been a thorn in the side of the Filipino boxers; one white boy whom our little brown brothers have been unable to relegate to the Queensbury scrap-heap.

"It is a well-known fact that there have been very few foreign boxers visit the Philippines and meet with success there.

"Jerry Monohan was born in County Clare, Ireland, came to the United States in 1912 and was sent to the Orient as a private in Uncle Sam's Army. He commenced boxing in 1916, before the advent of the Filipino into the game.

"The Irishman recently won the lightweight championship of the Philippines by defeating Macario Villon in a great 15-round scrap. That Villon is no soft one is shown by the fact that he has knocked out Jackie Green, champion of Australia, drew with Bud Ridley and defeated Elino Flores twice.

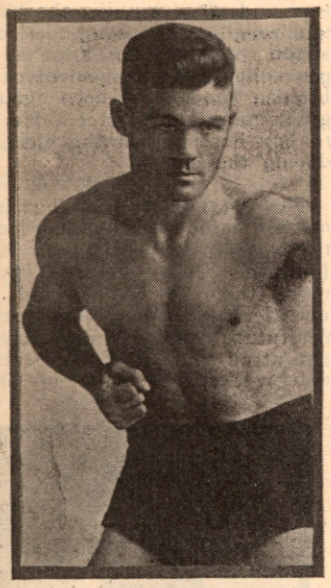
"Monohan's success against Filipino boxers is remarkable. He takes them on at all weights and always emerges victorious. The wonderful Dencio Cabanela was one of his victims in a 10-round contest just before that

great little Filipino boxer was killed in an Australian ring.

"The ferocious Mick also has trimmed the great Jamito.

* * *

"The latest news from Manila is that a committee of wealthy Filipino sporting men visited



Ray Long, an Oklahoma welterweight, who feels he is capable of beating Mickey Walker

Monohan and offered to pay his passage to the States, besides making him a nice cash present, if he would leave the Islands and hide from the world the fact that an Irishman was the best fighter amongst the fierce Filipinos. But it is very doubtful as to whether he will accept the generous offer. 'I git a kick kicking the guu-guus over,' says Jerry."

PHILADELPHIA NOTES
By ROSS E. KAUFFMAN

Max Hoff believes more than ever that he has a sure-fire flyweight champion in Kid Wolfe, whose recent easy victory over Benny Schwartz, the Southern champion, in a Baltimore ring, has made him a host of friends below the Mason and Dixon line. Hoff wants Wolfe to hook up with Pancho Villa in a title bout. Wolfe is a Philadelphia boy and seems to improve with every bout.

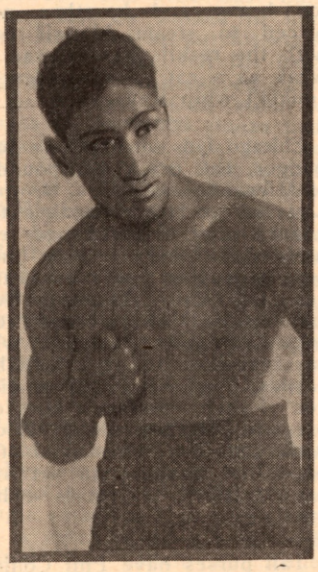
Indian Russell, formerly of Philadelphia, but now located in Harrisburg, has been making a hit in his recent bouts. Russell is a shifty lad and has a big following in Central Pennsylvania.

Danny Kramer, the sensational bantamweight, who was in Phil Glassman's stable before he went to the Pacific Coast, is back in Phillie again and looking for trouble in his division.

The Marchant brothers, Teddy, the featherweight, and Billy, lightweight, have returned from a short visit to Atlantic City and are eager to step into the ring against the best in their class.

The Floyd Johnson-Jim Tracey bout at the Arena, Feb. 12, caused the Mickey Walker-Frankie Maguire clash to be postponed for a while. Champion Walker is well liked by the Philadelphia boxing fans. His clean cut tactics impressed the Quaker City fight followers.

Sammy Novia, a Philadelphia 116-pounder, has been taken in charge by Charles E. Hipp of York, Pa., who also has Johnny Gill, the welterweight champion of Southern Pennsylvania. Novia is of Italian descent. He has been appearing in wind-up bouts in York and Harrisburg and expects to get started here soon.



Wilbur Cohen, former amateur champion flyweight, who is making good as a pro

Jimmy Coster, a former boxer in South Philadelphia, has been training Bobby Wolgast and bringing him along nicely.

Leo Houck, former Lancaster middleweight star, is making good as coach of the Penn State College boxing team. This is the first time that the Nittany boxers have ever had a professional coach.

Patsy Nelson, a bantamweight, and Joe Sharkey, featherweight, of Southwark, have been training regularly and are anxious to climb over the ropes of the local rings.

Sam Blackiston, the West Philadelphia boxer, who gained fame as an amateur, has picked up in weight since recovering from a recent illness and in the future will box as a middleweight. He is anxious to get on with Tommy Loughran or any of the other stars in that division.

Ad Stone, the Quaker City light heavyweight, caused a recent sensation when he broke with his manager, Charles Weirmiller. Stone has an impressive record, one of his most recent conquests being over Al Roberts, whom he stopped. Stone was in the U. S. Marines.

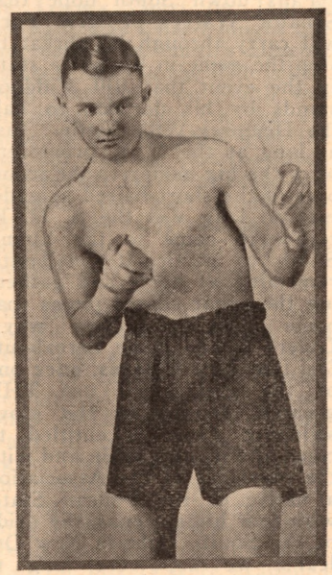
Frankie Murray, a Philadelphia flyweight, has been living in Baltimore this winter and packing away a number of victories. One of his latest decisions was over Hank Dundee.

Allentown is proud of Plowboy Harris, the light heavyweight, who has appeared in upstate and Philadelphia rings. Harris recently recovered from an illness and is ready to meet all comers.

Earl Roberts, a clever 130-pound amateur, is planning a professional career and is being handled by Billy Duncan, who also has Buck Gannon and George Leslie.

Boxing is enjoying its profitable winter in Reading. There are a number of good fighters in the Pretzel City, including Bobby Burke, an aggressive flyweight.

Lew Tendler, Philadelphia's lightweight ace, is back in fighting form again, as was shown by his fifteen round victory over Pal Moran in Madison Square



Homer Powell, Atlanta, Georgia, bantam, who is being touted highly by southern critics

Garden, and also against Jack Lawler, in Lew's first appearance at the Arena. Phil Glassman has offers for Tendler from all parts of the country and still hopes to get another crack at Benny Leonard next summer.

Benny Pascal, a local bantamweight, has returned from a trip to Texas. He is in strict training and anxious to get on with the best of the bantams.

"Knockout" Joe O'Donnell and Battling Mack, the two stars in Abe Weisbond's stable, are fit and r'arin' to go. Weisbond claims that the Philadelphia promoters have been passing up his two boys and he is planning some out-of-town bouts in the future. O'Donnell stands ready to meet Danny Kramer at short notice.

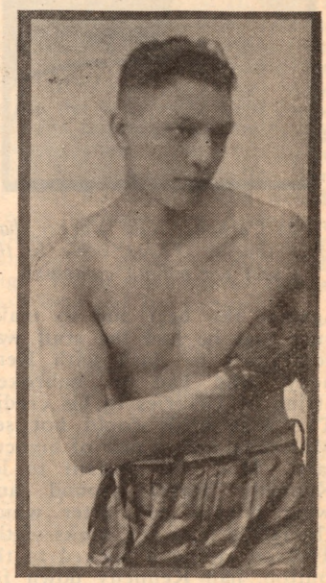
Jimmy Coster, former local boxer and now manager and trainer, is now a daddy. Mrs. Jimmy Coster presented her husband with a twelve-pound boy recently.

Pete Waxler, one of Philadelphia's prominent fight followers, is such a strong admirer of Kid Wolfe that he stands ready to wager any amount up to $5,000 that Wolfe can defeat Pancho Villa, the American flyweight champion.

COAST NOTES
By GEORGE HUSSEY

George Blake, boxing director of the Los Angeles Athletic Club, has a world of praise for The Ring. He has subscribed for it and says it is the best magazine on boxing ever published. He is also about the best third man in any boxing ring I have ever seen. Blake seems to get more action out of a pair of boxers than the rest of them. One thing he will not stand for and that is stalling. I have seen him stop many a bout, give the boxers the third degree, and then say, "Now, go to it," and they would. That is why he is the official referee of both the local clubs here.

Perhaps one of the biggest bouts held on the Coast in years was the one between Danny Kramer and Bud Ridley, Tuesday, January 9, at Jack Doyle's Vernon arena. Three thousand fans were turned away. Kramer won three rounds out of the four. He hit the cleanest punches. One of them shook



Tony Ross, Pittsburgh's premier featherweight, who is regarded as the Ace in the Alleghany district

Bud to the toes and after that he held Danny's left in respect. The bout was for the Coast featherweight championship.

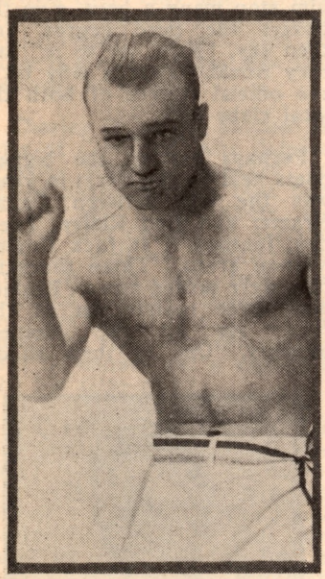
Up in Sacramento they are trying to pass a boxing bill calling for six, ten and fifteen round bouts, with the state appointing a commission. It would be a big boost for the game and if the lawmakers pass the bill it will recall the days when the sport was the main issue.

The new boxing club, The Ly-

ceum, with Dick Donald as the skipper, is doing well and is well patronized. He has lined up some swell bouts. If any one man can make it go it is Donald. He has had many years' experience in the boxing game. The Ring wishes him the best of luck.

SOUTHERN FISTIC GOSSIP
By MAL McGILVERY

The surprise of the Louisiana season was sprung on Feb. 6, when Eddie McKenna of New York, laboring under a three-to-one handicap in the betting ring, made such a chopping block of Bill Kennedy, New Orleans, leader in the featherweight division, that the referee stopped the battle in the eighth round and held up the Easterner's glove. McKenna, who came to New Orleans unheralded and unsung, showed enough in workouts to merit a chance



Frank Carbone, New Yorker, has, after touring Texas, gone to the Coast for a long campaign

against the best and to make sure that he had the stuff was contracted to clash with Kennedy, who had an unbroken string of victories to his credit. The wise birds could not see McKenna with a pair of binoculars. Mac was content to let Kennedy travel around and wear himself out, after which the laddie from the banks of the Hudson swung a wicked to the button, had Kennedy down for nine, eight and then the bell rang. The referee would have been justified in calling a halt but he permitted the eighth stanza to go on, with but one result, the technical kayo administered by McKenna. This victory makes McKenna in the South and although 'tis true that the winner had nothing great as a record in the East, he will be given the chance to make plenty of money down here, always provided he travels as he did in his initial appearance.

President Dick Burke, of the National Boxing Association, is determined to make Louisiana, his home state, the greatest in legalized territory this season and thus early is working on schemes toward that end. His idea to make the month of October "national boxing month" is a great one and should net the governing body a lot of money. Each boxer will be asked for a fraction from his earnings once in that month, with the promotors and others interested, also chipping in. Burke hopes to in this manner corral around $10,000 which sum will help defray the expenses of the national ruling body, the upkeep of which is costly to say the least. With the lease of the International Sporting club headquarters becoming void toward the close of the year, it is up to the N. B. A. to find suitable headquarters, preferably in New York City and each state commission having agreed to help in the Burke proposition, it looks that the fraternity will help make Boxing Month, one long to be remembered. Prexy Burke has other schemes under his chapeau of which more anon.

Fans down South hope that Senator Walker of New York will carry through his threat to stop the game in his home state in the event that Bill Muldoon stands by his decision to halt the Dempsey-Wills battle. Just as long as the N. Y. promoters offer the big money to the members of the short-haired brigade, just so long will the S. H. B. refuse to come to the Sunny South to participate in bouts, remaining at home and gathering the sugar coated plums that come their respective ways. Lovers of the game hereabouts feel that New Orleans, once one of the greatest if not THE greatest centers in the glove swinging game is entitled to come into its own again and with the president of the Association a native of the Pelican State, with four huge arenas, the pride of the South, right in New Orleans, we hope ere long to again see the stalwarts of the game in our midst battling as in the days of yore.

CHICAGO BOXING
By ART WINCH

Boxing fans here are all steamed up over Charley White and Tom Gibbons, both of whom are red hot favorites with the Chicago elite. White is drawing a lot of sympathy because of his poor showing against Rocky Kansas in Madison Square Garden, but his friends do not propose to permit Left Hook Charley to be relegated to the rear because of this setback.

As for Gibbons, he is being boomed for the big chance at the heavyweight title and his supporters here feel that Tommy will dispose of Floyd Johnson in such convincing manner that Jack Dempsey will have no excuse to offer in side stepping Gibbons.

The fact that Johnson disposed of Mike Nestor in quick style only heightens the joy of Gibbons' friends, who point out that a victory for Tommy over Johnson will thus bear greater weight in fetching a titular bout with Dempsey.

Having trained White for his Kansas bout, we'd like to affirm the story that Charley was very weak from making weight for the bout. Truth is—and it is the truth—that inaccurate scales caused White most of the trouble. He weighed in the night before the fight on a hotel scales and found himself two pounds over weight. The next morning the scales showed him down to 135 pounds. But in the Garden gym he discovered himself to really be two pounds too heavy and he then was forced to steam himself out, with the result that he was as weak as a cat. No wonder he couldn't whip Kansas.

Chicago fans soon will see Joey Sanger, the crack 122 pounder of Milwaukee, in action. Brother Lou Sanger, who manages the financial end of the Sanger entourage, has been talking business regarding bouts here and has practically clinched two matches for March presentation. Joey is a handy youngster, who has turned in twenty creditable battles. Such boys as Champion Joe Lynch, Sammy Mandell, Stewart McClean and Eddie Anderson have measured the pace that Sanger can set and have testified that it is a hot one.

Tall purses have Phil Collins, the genial matchmaker at the Commodore Boat Club, batting left handed. He declares that the local boys want nothing but purses that run into five figures and he is at his wits end to make up his cards. He has some excellent bouts in prospect, however.

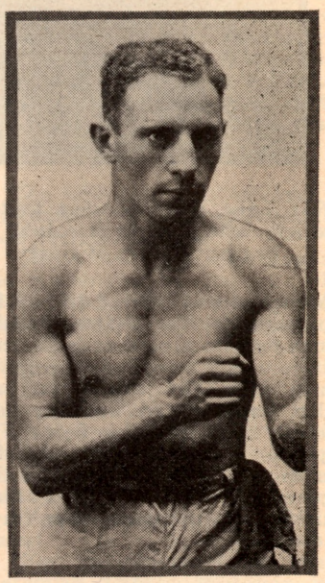
Bud Christiano is a youngster with a punch that has his possible opponents pretty much worried. In his last three fights he disposed of Jimmy Dalton, Jimmy Mars and Jimmy Shevlin with the old K. O. sock and there is an air of respect when Bud's name is mentioned.

Jimmy Anderson, the fighting newsboy, is having trouble getting matches because of the manner in which he administers defeats. However, he is booked to show his wares in the near future and his many friends will be glad to see him in action again against some of the top noth 148-pounders.

Izzy Marks is the Leo P. Flynn of this particular territory, insofar as quantity of boxers on hand is concerned. Leo P. has one of the largest stables ever gathered by a boxing manager, but Marks soon will be a keen rival. He has already signed up with such boys as Ray Rychell, Abe Gordon, both flyweights; Sammy Parks, a featherweight, Charlie Rychell and Jack Lawrence, a pair of lightweights, Benny Kramer, Mike Kawalski and Joe Kennedy, welterweights. Marks has opened headquarters at the Arcade Gym, Chicago.

Joe Scully, 118 pounds, a clever little mitt artist, started boxing in 1921 and has been going forward ever since. He first began boxing as an amateur and after winning the bantam weight title among the local simon pures, he cut loose as a pro under the management of I. Lipman and has been going great guns ever since. He is to box here and in the vicinity during the month.

The boxing bee is buzzing merrily in our ever-going loop, these fine days. Up at Kid Howard's New Arcade gym more than 75 boxers and 20 wrestlers go through their paces for future combats. Eight clubs run at an average of once every two weeks, and right in Chicago, too. But we are not allowed to have boxing. Well it's the club plan—you understand.



Curley Wilshin, champion featherweight of Canada, who is trying to arrange for a U. S. visit

ERIE, PA., BOXING NOTES
By CHAS. R. FINNERAN

Charley O'Connell, Jimmy Dunn's hard-hitting lightweight, met the veteran, Joe Welling, at the Erie A. C. on January 26 before one of the largest crowds that ever has attended a boxing show in the Gem City. The fight was a sad disappointment to the fans, who packed the arena. At the tap of the going O'Connell tore right after his man, using a snappy one-two punch. He connected with Welling's chin a few times and in going into a clinch Welling landed a hard right below the belt. O'Connell dropped to the floor at the same time protesting to the referee that he had been fouled. Charley was carried to his corner, but after a short rest he gamely consented to continue the fight. When the fight was resumed O'Connell was again the aggressor, but Welling was right on the job, giving punch for punch. Charley's right crashed against

Joe's chin and the latter fell into a clinch. Both boxers went to the canvas. O'Connell rose quickly, but Welling was taking a count when the bell ended the round. In the remaining rounds Welling employed most unfair tactics in an effort to win over the Fifth City boxer, using the rabbit punch and hitting on the breaks. After several warnings in the fifth round, Referee Duffy Finneran disqualified the once famous Wonderful - Willing - Walloping - Welling, declaring O'Connell the winner.

According to reports, one of the local matchmakers is dickering for a match between Rocky Kansas and Charley O'Connell at an early date.

Leo Finneran, local lightweight, who has been out of the ring for some time, is planning a come-back. Leo has met such boys as Matt Brock, Jake Schiffer, Dick Loadman, "Goo" Stewart, Otto Yacknow, Johnny Ray, Cal Delaney, George (Young) Erne, Johnny Mahoney, Tim Droney, Frankie Dailey, Johnny Downs, Frankie Rice, Dick De Sanders, Joe Borrell and Jack Perry. His last fight was with Billy Rolfe before the National A. C., Philadelphia.

BALTIMORE GOSSIP
By JAMES RAYMOND PRICE

The boxing game that got away to a bad start here for 1923 with the sudden termination of the Nate Carp-Kid Wolfe bout, followed by a run-out on the part of Jack Hanlon from a scheduled fight with Frankie Rice, took on a new lease of life when Benny Franklin put on two of the best cards seen in this city for some time. Franklin, acting for the Olympia A. C. matched Kid Williams, former bantam king, with Young Montreal, of Providence, on January 15, and about one-quarter of the fans who stormed the Fourth Regiment Armory were forced to remain outside. Never in the history of boxing in Baltimore have so many people been refused admission to a show.

Williams was in wonderful condition and easily earned the verdict over the invader. He was atop Montreal from start to finish and seldom gave his opponent time to set. Occasionally the spindle-legged fighter from the Island State would cross his right to the Kid's jaw, but his inability to follow up this advantage cost him the chance to slip under the wire a winner.

When Benny Schwartz met Kid Wolfe before Franklin's club on January 22 probably the greatest battle that ever was witnessed by local fight bugs resulted. The writer saw Joe Gans and Mike Twin Sullivan travel fifteen hurricane rounds in the Lyric when the Old Master was in his prime; Aurelia Herrera, the Mexican lightweight, and Brooklyn Johnny Daley seethed through a sensational mill before Al Herford's old Eureka Club, and English Johny Summers and Soldier Burns had the spectators on their toes when they staged a hair raising mill before the members of the same organization. Then followed the fueds of Young Britt and George Chaney and Kid Williams and Chaney. The bouts between these boys were hummers, but the climax of all was reached when Schwartz met Wolfe.

This fight was Schwartz's first since he vanquished Little Jeff. A bad attack of bronchitis laid low Al Lang's protege and his scheduled contest with Patsey Wallace in December had to be cancelled. The little East Baltimore Hebrew looked in fine condition when he put his arms up before Wolfe, but his long siege of illness had sapped some of his strength. Only about a minute of the initial stanza had elapsed when the local lad let fly a terrific right that landed flush on the Philadelphian's jaw and Wolfe sprawled on the canvas. He took the count of six and the admirers of Schwartz urged their boy to put on the finishing touches. Wolfe ran, hugged and stalled through the remainder of the round although Schwartz hit him with everything except the water bucket.

Franklin now is trying to coax Pancho Villa into a match with Wolfe and has offered the little Filipino a purse of $15,000 to mingle with Boo Hoo Huff's lad. He is awaiting an answer and should the match be made Benny will put forth his best efforts to get the Fifth Regiment Armory for the fight in order to accommodate the crowd.

The grudge fight that was cooked up between George K. O. Chaney and his former stablemate Frankie Rice turned out to be the worst kind of a flivver. Chaney crashed a left to Rice's chin in the first round and Rice heard the birdies twitter. Rice, who broke away from Sammy Harris, a couple of months ago and placed himself under the management of Lew Fedder, had been telling the public how he had once had George on the verge of a knockout in a training bout and had no doubt he could finish the job if the Knockout King dared get in the same ring with him. A monster crowd saw the bout, which was one of the quickest on record. Rice, never more than a poor second rater, made a pitiful showing and after pawing at George like a scared cat, took a left in the pit of the stomach less than a minute after the opening bell. That was the beginning of the end; a few seconds later Chaney ended the one-sided match with his powerful left.

Joe Belmont has been making great strides here this season and has been winning all his bouts with a startling regularity. He stopped the winning streak of Johnny Fagan and put the skids under several other good boys. Joe is clever, has a nice punch and can stand the gaff. If he is handled right there's no reason why he shouldn't become a star bout performer.

When Len Mahoney and Joe Dundee hooked up in their rubber match on February 5th, before the Olympia A. C., the Irish lad proved his superiority over his Italian rival by romping away with an easy victory. Mahoney took the lead from the jump and led by a wide margin until the fourteenth round when Dundee took on a new lease of life and staged a last minute rally. Although he had much the better of the last two periods Dundee's late start availing him nothing. This was the third meeting of these boys, each having won one of their previous starts.

MONTREAL NOTES
By MAXIE LEWIS

Sonny Smith, now of Brooklyn, but formerly a star in Montreal, won the decision over Henry Ford of Boston at the Loew's Court on Jan. 8. The fight was a hard fought one and resulted in Smith's injuring his right hand in the fifth round. From that point on Smith was compelled to fight on the defensive a greater portion of the time, but won out just the same. Ford fought hard but could not overcome the lead Smith obtained in the early rounds. Ford showed much class and undoubted courage.

In the semi-final bout went the ten rounds scheduled, and resulted in a victory for Young Lewis of Lachine over Jimmy Stewart of Panama. Henry Jones of Halifax and Young Brady of Syracuse, a pair of rugged welterweights, battled ten rounds to a draw in the opening bout on the card. A funny thing about this card of boxing was that after the show all of the boxers were examined by the club physician and each one was shown to have an injured hand.

Oscar Deschamps of Montreal, defeated Kid Dube, of Lewiston, Me., at Quebec on Jan. 16, after a furious ten-round bout. Charles Newton, Toronto lightweight, knocked out Kid Mitchell of Quebec, in the sixth round of a scheduled ten-round bout. In the opening bout Kid McNaughton landed a K. O. on Kid Burke of Toronto, in the first round.

Moe Herscovich demonstrated his K. O. Punch at the Monument National on Jan 16, when he put Bert Schneider to sleep in the third round with a stiff blow under the heart. Schneider was the former world's amateur welterweight champion. Raoul Godbout, manager of Schneider, claimed a foul, insisting the blow was low. An examination was made at the direction of the Commission and Drs. Wiseman and De Martigny declared no foul had been committed. While the bout lasted it was a furious one. The boys were said to have settled an old grudge in this contest.

In the ten-round semi-final Kid Roy defeated "Jerkey" Brady. Roy's victory was a decisive one but was not gained until Brady had put up a fine battle. Brady showed a lot of stuff but was a bit outclassed. Sammy Marco, who had just returned from New York where he appeared in several of the armory bouts, celebrated his home coming by defeating Kid Bratton of Lachine, in a hurricane six-round bout. Kid Spunk knocked out Young Schwartz in the first round of their scheduled four-round bout.

NEW ENGLAND NOTES
By BILL McNULTY

Old Al Shubert, veteran New Bedford featherweight, defeated Charlie Manty, a fellow whaler in New Bedford, and accomplished a surprise victory, for Manty had previously secured a decision over Shubert. For the 'steenth time Shubert is the New England featherweight champion. Old Al must have imbibed some of the elixir of life.

Another old battler has worked a comeback. He is Young Blades of Woonsocket, one of the many former holders of the New England lightweight title. Blades won his comeback bout in his home baliwick.

From Claremont, N. H., comes the assurance that Silas Green, an ebony hued heavyweight who has maintained his home in many cities and towns, can wallop all the heavies in New England for a score, one following the gent ahead. Silas has been living in New Hampshire for the past six months and would like to inveigle Lee Anderson, another dusky heavy and a New Hampshire product, into the ring. When the thunder clouds clash look out for smoke.

There are so many claimants of the New England heavyweight title, an elimination contest should be staged with a view to unearthing the real holder of this section championship. Lee Anderson, Silas Green, Battling McCreery, three gents of color and distinction, are each holders of the New England heavyweight title—all at the same time. And then for spice are added Pat McCarthy, Larry Williams, Porky Flynn, Young Jack Johnson, another smoked battler, George Robinson, ditto, Dan Dowd, et al.

Pepper Martin, the Brooklyn feather, who has made his home in Cambridge and Bridgeport, at times, did not fare so badly against Johnny Dundee in their Boston bout as some deduced. Many of the fans believed Martin should have received a draw. At all events, Dundee's margin was a very slim one.

A bout that would be a nice attraction for New England, would be Johnny Dundee versus

(*Continued on page* 38)

Results of Boxing Bouts

DECEMBER

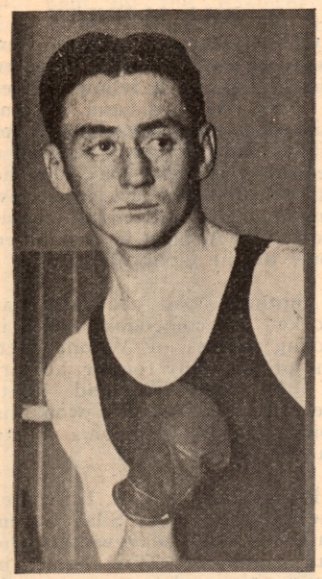
29—Marion, Ind.:
Anthony Downey knocked out Battling Lynn, one round.

JANUARY

1—Youngstown, O.:
Alex Novecky and Johnny Ray, draw, 10 rounds.

1—Reading, Pa:
Eddie Revoire beat Lew Schupp, eight rounds.
Martin Judge and Willie Allen, eight-round draw.

1—Worcester, Mass.:
Joe Corbett beat Willie Cirry, ten rounds.



Joie Sanger, of Chicago, who is the most promising feather seen in the Windy City in years

1—New Bedford, Mass.:
Charley Manty beat Tommy Ryan, ten rounds.

1—Youngstown, O.:
Johnny Ray beat Alec Novecky, ten rounds.
Jack McFarland beat Silent Frankie Landu, eight rounds.

1—Broadway Exhibition, Brooklyn:
Sonny Smith beat Frankie Coster, ten rounds.
Charley Goodman knocked out Davey Jones, seven rounds.
Harry Gordon and Larry Goldberg, ten-round draw.

1—Wilkes-Barre, Pa.:
Johnny McLaughlin and Frankie Venchell, ten-round draw.

1—Philadelphia, Pa.:
Joe Leitz beat Mike Schultz, eight rounds.

1—Brighton Sporting Club, Staten Island:
Joe Denny beat Jackie Cope, ten rounds.

1—Rutland, Vt.:
Mickey Delmont knocked out Battling Gans, six rounds.

1—Canton, O.:
Frankie Schoell beat Billy Ryan, ten rounds.

1—Trenton, N. J.:
Jack Sharkey and Tommy Gerard, eight-round draw.

1—Allentown, Pa.:
Jackie Clark beat Jack Duffy, ten rounds.

1—Williamsport, Pa.:
Wally Hinkle knocked out Sonny Baker, nine rounds.

1—Lowell, Mass.:
Johnny Avila knocked out Martin Flaherty, six rounds.

January

1—Casper, Wyo.:
Billy Warner won on foul from Roy Conley.

2—Hoquim, Wash.:
Sandy Carbonne knocked out Ted Braucke, second round.

2—San Francisco:
Eddie Diggins and Dick Hoppe, four-round draw.
Billy Gibbs and Dynamite George, four-round draw.
Charley Hendrick beat Alex Tasloff, four rounds.
Sailor Roberts beat Johnny Graves, four rounds.
Joe Powell and Eddy Sylvester, four-round draw.
Tommy Harris beat Jack Ray, four rounds.
Happy Carlson knocked out George Tilley, one round.

2—Pioneer Sporting Club, New York City:
Billy Shade beat Wolf Larsen, ten rounds.
Mike Burke knocked out Geo. Shade, eight rounds.
Danny Ross beat Bobby Lyons, ten rounds.

2—Boston, Mass.:
Johnny Clinton beat Earl France, ten rounds.

2—Philadelphia, Pa.:
Danny Garten beat Johnny Reno, eight rounds.
Bobby Michaels and Sailor Lewis, six-round draw.

2—Albany, N. Y.:
Vincent Coffey beat Marty Cross, twelve rounds.

2—212th Regiment Armory, New York City:
Pete Hayes beat Bobby O'Neill, eight rounds.
Tony Marto beat Johnny Lustig, eight rounds.
Jimmy Gaudy beat Harry Coleman, eight rounds.

2—Fifteenth Regiment Armory, New York City:
Jack McVey beat Mike Carrier, ten rounds.
Larry Estridge knocked out Sam Branch, one round.
Steve Marco knocked out Young Rocco, third round.

3 — Harlem-Fairmont Sporting Club, New York City:
Jack Hausner beat Frankie Curry, twelve rounds.
Sid Terris beat Jackie Melman, six rounds.
Carl Duane beat Georgie Daley, six rounds.
Lew Hurley knocked out Freddie Lewis, one round.
Georgie Daugherty beat Harvey Martin, four rounds.

3—Detroit, Mich.:
Clarence Rosen beat Battling Chink, ten rounds.

3—Grand Rapids, Mich.:
K. O. Bill Brennan beat Hugh Walker, ten rounds.

4—102d Medical Regiment Armory, New York City:
Sammy Butts and Dave Astey, eight-round draw.
Bobby O'Neill and Harry Gorsky, draw, eight rounds.
Mickey Black beat Jimmy Day, eight rounds.

4—Columbus Sporting Club, Yonkers, N. Y.:
Al Norton knocked out Andy O'Boyle, one round.
Bobby Bolin beat Midget Griffo, six rounds.
Frankie Fitzpatrick beat Willie Angelo, six rounds.

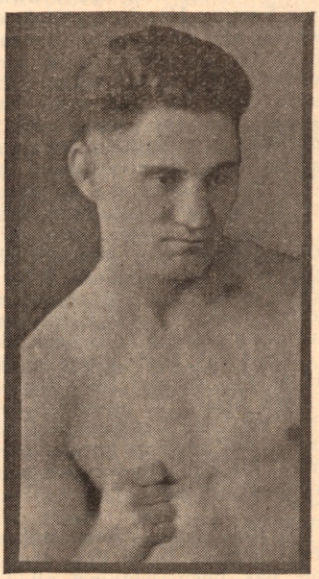
4—Shenandoah, Pa.:
Tony Trinkle beat Indian Russell, twelve rounds.

5—San Francisco:
Bobby Allen and Pete Daley, four rounds.
Mike O'Leary beat Young Papas, four rounds.
Racehorse Roberts beat Rube Finn, four rounds.
Sunny Jim beat Charley Martino, four rounds.
Ted Seidman and Sammy Compagno, four rounds.
Johnny Gleson knocked out Kid Martin, first round.
Tommy Comiskey and Billy Rya, four rounds.

5—Madison Square Garden, New York City:
Jack Berstein beat Pepper Martin, twelve rounds.
Frankie Jerome and Mike Ballerino, twelve-round draw.
Johnny Ross beat Phil Rosenberg, six rounds.
Barney Kelley beat Johnny Murphy, six rounds.
Henny Catena and Mickey Nelson, four-round draw.

5—Second Naval Militia Armory, Brooklyn, N. Y.:
Benny McCoy knocked out Joe Young, two rounds.
Solly Woods knocked out Kid Connors, sixth round.
Sammy Marco and Paddy McNulty, six-round draw.

5—Pittsburgh, Pa.:
Frank Munro beat Joe Stanley, two rounds.
Young Piazzi beat Cock Dilla, three rounds.

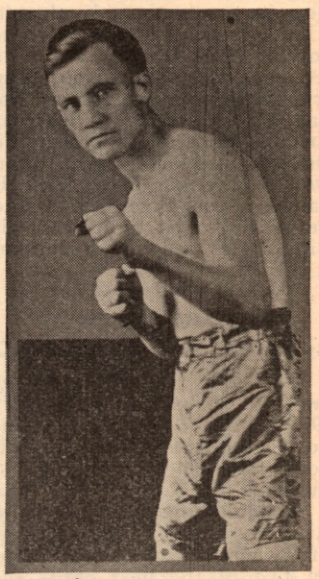


Micky Riley, Texas featherweight and junior lightweight champion, who has boxed the best in his class in the South

Young Suer beat Benny Gutman, three rounds.

5—Washington, Pa.:
Patsy Young beat Billy Williams, ten rounds.
Frank Kopus and Charles England, draw, six rounds.
Stanley Williams beat Arthur Williams, six rounds.

5—Augusta, Me.:
Johnny Fox won on a foul from George Vanderbilt, five rounds.
George McFadden knocked out Johnny Drew, five rounds.
The Panama Kid knocked out Kid Chase, three rounds.



Paddy McNulty, U. S. S. Maryland, who recently won the Atlantic Fleet featherweight title

5—Lawrence, Mass.:
Mike Castle beat Danny Edwards, ten rounds.
Benny Nelson beat Buddy Steain, eight rounds.
Ray Rancourt beat Ed Purcell, six rounds.
Frank Jack beat Young Goesillin, four rounds.

5—Minneapolis, Minn.:
Eddie Anderson beat Terry Martin, ten rounds.
Ted Jameison and Emil Engberg, draw, eight rounds.

5—Philadelphia, Pa.:
Ad Stone beat Charles O'Neill, eight rounds.

6—Commonwealth Sporting Club, New York City:
Panama Joe Gans beat Andy (Kid) Palmer, twelve rounds.
Ben Pantheau beat Maxey Green, twelve rounds.
Sammy Vogel beat Buddy Wallace, six rounds.

6—Rink Sporting Club, Brooklyn, N. Y.:
Eddie Kid Wagner beat Henry Mick, ten rounds.
Happy Mahoney beat Charley Pappas, ten rounds.
Ernie Seitz beat Paul Fargo, ten rounds.

6—Ridgewood Grove Sporting Club, Brooklyn:
Joe Frisco and Charley Kid Kohler, twelve-round draw.

Ray West beat Joey Werner, eight rounds.

6—Ninth Regiment Armory, New York City:
Pete Hayes knocked out Joe Glick, six rounds.
Danny Davis beat Young Frankie Nelson, six rounds.

6—Mexico City:
Merci Montes knocked out Jimmy Dundee, fifty-one rounds.

8—Newark:
Tommy Loughren beat Pal Reed, 12 rounds.

8—East Liverpool, O.:
Freddie Lux and Jack Rovesti, draw, eight rounds.
Young Groundling beat Young Sweeny, eight rounds.
George Peters knocked out Jimmy Ritchie, one round.
Young Meuge and Fishting Thomas, draw, eight rounds.

8—Columbus, O.:
Bud Christiano knocked out Jimmy Mars, two rounds.

8—Cincinnati, O.:
Ray Pryel beat Ever Hammer, 10 rounds.

8—New Bedford, Mass.:
Charley Manty beat Al Shubert, 10 rounds.

8—Memphis, Tenn.:
Frank (Kid) Dolan beat Benny Harvey, 10 rounds.
Johnny Lisse beat Joe Nelson, 10 rounds.
Charley Feraci beat Joe Cook, 10 rounds.

8—Detroit, Mich.:
Bryan Downey beat Bobby Sage, 10 rounds.

8—Montreal, Canada:
Sonny Smith beat Henry Ford, 10 rounds.

8—Buffalo, N. Y.:
Teddy Meyers beat Harry Cook, 15 rounds.

8—Jersey City, N. J.:
Irish Johnny Curtin beat Jack Sharkey, 12 rounds.
Jackie McCoy beat Tommy Lynch, 10 rounds.

8—Harlem - Fairmount Sporting Club, New York City:
Harry (Battling) Leonard and Harry London, draw, 12 rounds.
Willie Davis beat Willie Daney, 10 rounds.

8—Brighton Boxing Club, Staten Island:
Jimmy Cooney beat Sammy Stone, 12 rounds.
Corporal Schwartz beat Vincent Salvatore, eight rounds.

8—Pittsburgh, Pa.:
Dave Shade beat Jimmy Jones, 10 rounds.
Johnny Hamm beat Scotty Raeburn, eight rounds..
Young Xeny beat Tommy Stevenson, six rounds.
Johnny Myers beat Joe Shurra, six rounds.

8—Zanesville:
Speedy Marks and Al Walters, draw, 12 rounds.
Norm. Genet beat Johnny Mack, 8 rounds.

8—Harrisburg,, Pa.:
Jack Hanlon defeated Rocky Burns, three rounds.
Johnny Tyman beat Sammy Schiff, three rounds.

8—Chester, Pa.:
Mike Schultz beat Wally Hinkle, six rounds.

8—Atlantic City:
Cuddy De Marco beat Eddie (Kid) Wagner, eight rounds.
Bobby Burman and Smiling Joe Ritchie, draw, eight rounds.

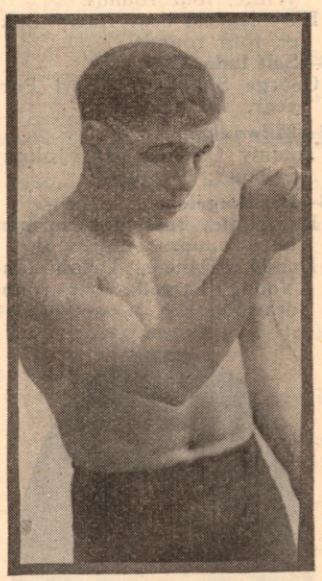
8—Johnstown, Pa.:
Jackie Clark beat Chief Halftown, 10 rounds.
Mickey Craig beat Jack Richards, six rounds..
Cinder Boines and Buzz Buckshot, draw, four rounds..
Bobby Richardson knocked out Billy Seihl, four rounds.

8—Lynn, Mass.:
Danny Edwards beat Teddy Joyce, 10 rounds.

8—Freeport Sporting, Freeport, L. I.:
Billy DeFoe knocked out Mike Horan, third round..
Manny Jacobson beat Eddie Woodstock, eight rounds.
Al Ketchel beat Johnny Denny, eight rounds.

8—Broadway Exhibition Assn., Brooklyn, N. Y.:
Harry (Kid) Brown beat Nick Foley, 12 rounds.
Charley Murray knocked out Danny Davis, two rounds.

9—San Francisco:
Frankie Burns and Frankie Farren, four round draw.
Harold Farese and Joe King Leopold, four round draw.
Ray Long and Gene Cline, four round draw..
Johnny McManus and Earl Puryear, four round draw.



Shamus O'Brien, the Fighting Irishman, who has shown wonderful improvement in his recent fights

Frankie McCann knocked out Eddie Hanley, second round.
Jack Russo beat Terry McBride, four rounds.
Jimmy Risso beat Johnny Dempsey, four rounds.

9—Los Angeles:
Danny Kramer beat Bud Ridley, four rounds.

9—Boise, Idaho:
Spug Meyers beat Lee Morrissey, 12 rounds.

9—Pioneer Sporting Club, New York City:
Louis Bogash knocked out Charley Fitzsimmons, 11 rounds.
Frank Denunzio beat Wildcat Nelson, 10 rounds.
Ozzy Tanner beat Patsy Bogash, six rounds.

9—Fifteenth Regiment Armory, New York City:
Willie Walker beat Jamaica Kid, 12 rounds.
Battling Willie Powell won on a foul from Kid Buckley, four rounds..
Eddy Reilley and Tommy Lyons, draw, four rounds..

9—Scranton, Pa.:
Paul Doyle and Frankie Schoell, draw, 12 rounds.
Pete Hayes beat Danny Rogers, 10 rounds.

9—Albany, N. Y.:
Jimmy O'Hagen beat Timmy McAleer, 12 rounds..
Joe Baker and Moe Ginsberg, draw, 10 rounds..

9—Perth Amboy, N. J.:
Jimmy Sullivan beat Bert Smithers, 12 rounds.

9—Portland, Ore.:
Jeff Smith knocked out Eugene Trembley, five rounds.

9—Boston, Mass.:
Tommy Nee beat Mike Castle, 10 rounds.
Johnny Fox beat Steve Gustin, 10 rounds.
Frankie Ryan beat Tibby Lawrie, 10 rounds.

9—Youngstown, Pa.:
Dick Mette and K. O. Johnny Michaels, draw, 10 rounds.
Jack Kelly beat Kid Stinger, eight rounds.
Ray McCall beat Johnny Moore, six rounds.
Joe Shurra beat Young Tennessee, four rounds..

10—Mariesville, R. I.:
Spencer Gardner beat Young Montreal, 12 rounds.

Manuel Vasquez, a coming 138-pounder of the U. S. S. Maryland, who lost only one bout in recent championships

10—Troy, N. Y.:
Willie Garber beat Sammy Waltz, 12 rounds.

11—Akron, O.:
Jack Abbott beat Eddie Mullaney, 10 rounds.
Young Henney beat Johnny Horvath, 10 rounds.
Eddie Gallagher beat Babe Moran, six rounds.
Jimmy Darrah knocked out Tony Brill, five rounds..

11—Pittsfield, Mass.:
Frankie Quill beat Al Sears, 10 rounds.
Kid Lee beat Kid Black, eight rounds.

11—102nd Medical Regiment Armory:
Tarzan Larkin knocked out Jack Douglas, four rounds.
Joe Savoila beat Frankie Otto, eight rounds..
Bobby Green knocked out Chico Mayo, second round.

11—Stadium A. C., Jersey City:
Willie Curry beat Young Tiger, 12 rounds.
Harry Galfund knocked out Jackie Saunders, sixth round.

11—Hamilton A. A., Passaic, N. J.:
Joe Eno and Dick Conlon, 12 round draw.
Lew Hurley knocked out Teddy Smacka, eight rounds.

11—Modesto, Calif.:
Gene Cline beat Cyclone Gavvy, four rounds.
Joe Herman and Freddie Bonillas, draw, four rounds.
Tony Bonillas beat Eddie Mahoney, four rounds..
Sailor Lee and Sammy Olson, four round draw.
Joe Azeveda knocked out Kid Cal, two rounds.

12—Pittsburgh, Pa.:
Bull Miller knocked out Marty Smith, one round.
Steve Mutzko knocked out Walter Farrel, one round.

12—Madison Square Garden, New York:
Floyd Johnson beat Bill Brennan, 15 rounds.
Jack Renaul knocked out Joe McCann, five rounds.
Leo Gaites beat Tommy Madden, six rounds.
Charley McKenna beat Italian Jack Herman, six rounds.
Herman Hart beat Jack Tilyou, four rounds.

12—Omaha, Neb.:
Billy Miske knocked out Harry Foley, one round.

12—Lewiston, Me.:
Johnny Fox won on a foul from Johnny (Kid) Rice, two rounds.

12—Philadelphia, Pa.:
Young McGovern beat Billy Mahoney, eight rounds.
Bobby McLeod beat Artie McCann, eight rounds.
Young Chappie beat Mickey Golden, six rounds.
Indian Russell beat Battling Murray, eight rounds.
Leonard Sullivan knocked out Babe White, five rounds.

12—Erie, Pa.:
Charley O'Connell beat Johnny Donnelly, 12 rounds.

12—New Orleans:
Erbie Moak knocked out Jack Lewis, five rounds.
Kid Carlin beat Young Campau, six rounds.
Young Barrere beat Joe Overlasti, 10 rounds.
Frankie King knocked out Red Shannon, six rounds.

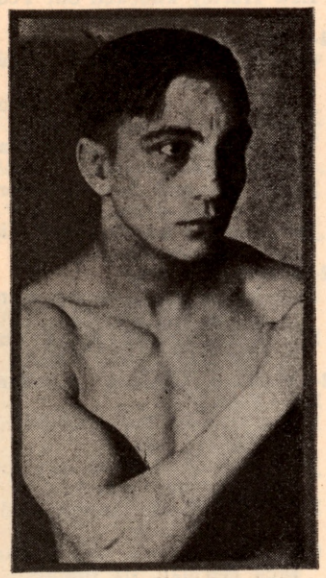
12—Sacramento, Calif.:
George Lee beat California Joe Lynch, four rounds.
Frankie Neil beat Pete Woods, four rounds.
Angeli Angelopulous beat Bert Morgan, four rounds.

12—Denver, Colo.:
Tommy Comisket beat Art Johnson, seven rounds.
Joe Burger beat Jack Doyle, 10 rounds.
Willie Hope beat Battling Silva, six rounds.

12—San Francisco:
Racehorse Roberts beat Mack House, four rounds.
Roy Sutherland and Bobby Allen, four round draw.
Teddy Seidman beat Sammy Compagno, four rounds.
Charley Martino knocked out Rube Finn, two rounds.
Mike O'Leary knocked out Al Geyer, third round.
Ernie Owens beat Lamberto Camase, four rounds.

Johnny Gleeson knocked out Tommy Gonzales, three rounds.

12—Los Angeles:
Phil Salvatore knocked out Jack Josephs, three rounds.
Tillie (Kid) Herman beat Johnny (Tiger) Kline, four rounds.



Harold Smith, "Back Yards" champion, a Chicago bantam with a hefty wallop and a heap of cleverness

13—Commonwealth Sporting Club, New York City:
Dave Shade beat Jimmy Kelly, 12 rounds.
Larry Goldberg beat Young Sammy Marino, 12 rounds.

13—Ninth Regiment Armory, New York City:
Sonny Cashin beat Jackie Marlowe, 12 rounds.
Jimmy Gaudy beat Harry Gorsky, eight rounds.

13—Rink Sporting Club, Brooklyn, N. Y.:
Vincent (Pepper) Martin knocked out Joe Leonard, 11 rounds.
Johnny Winters knocked out Frankie Engle, two rounds.

13—Ridgewood Grove Sporting Club, Brooklyn, N. Y.:
Terry Miller and Buck Josephs, 12 round draw.
Manny Jacobson beat Jackie Harris, 10 rounds.

15—Trenton, N. J.
Eddie Muffo beat Harry Boyle, 10 rounds.

15—Beaver Falls:
Sig Keppem beat Alex Simmons, 10 rounds.
Ray Cole beat Rabbit Devore, eight rounds.
Billy Guy won on a foul from Big Cowboy, two rounds.
Jimmy Petes beat Ted Grant, four rounds.

15—Harlem-Fairmount Sporting Club, New York:
Danny Lee knocked out Billy Mascott, four rounds.
Willie Darcey beat Phil Rosenberg, 12 rounds.

15—Brighton Sporting Club, Staten Island:
Jimmy Hutchison knocked out Phil Black, five rounds.
Harry Sneden beat Johnny Bush, eight rounds.

15—Broadway Exhibition Assn., Brooklyn, N. Y.:
Joe Welling beat Bert Spencer, 12 rounds.
Marty Silvers beat Davey Jones, six rounds.
Nat Pincus beat Lew Goldberg, six rounds.

15—Baltimore:
Kid Williams beat Young Montreal, 12 rounds.

15—East Chicago, Ind.:
Pal Moore beat Bud Taylor, 10 rounds.

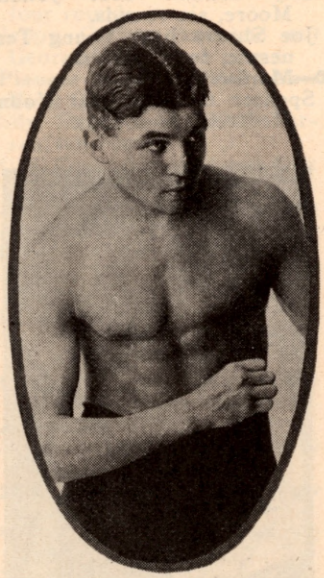
15—Rochester, N. Y.:
Chubby Brown beat Willie Herman, 10 rounds.

15—Meridan, Conn.:
Kid Kaplan beat Mickey Travers, 12 rounds.

15—Quebec:
Oscar Deschamps beat Kid Dube, 10 rounds.

15—Louisville, Ky.:
Mickey Forkins beat Frankie Jones, 12 rounds.

15—Pittsburgh, Pa.:
Harry Greb beat Tommy Loughren, 10 rounds.
Vic Brog beat Johnny Welsh, six rounds.
Jack Skelly beat Jack McFarland, six rounds.
George Kerston knocked out Roland Bond, four rounds.



Joe Konrad, newly arrived German welterweight, who seeks to clash with our best

15—Atlantic City:
Mike Moran and Bobby Wolgast, draw, eight rounds.
Jimmy Murray beat Jimmy Jordan, four rounds.

15—New Orleans:
Johnny Reisler and Young McGovern, draw, 15 rounds.
Kid Gomez beat Young Campou, six rounds.
Ashton Donza beat Kid Foster, six rounds.

15—Detroit:
Joe Burman beat Midget Smith, 10 rounds.

15—New Bedford, Mass.:
Larry Goldberg beat Irish Johnny Curtin, 10 rounds.

15—Troy, N. Y.:
Abe Goldstein beat Frankie Daly, 12 rounds.
Ben Gershey knocked out Johnny Reese, five rounds.

15—Buffalo, N. Y.:
Jimmy Goodrich beat Sammy Berne, 10 rounds.
Charley Marion and Frankie Mack, draw, 10 rounds.
Fritz Miller beat Joe Corey, six rounds.

15—Harrisburg, Pa.:
Eddie Fitzsimmons beat Charley Murray, 10 rounds.
Pete Husnic knocked out Tommy Burns, two rounds.

15—Philadelphia, Pa.:
Mickey Walker knocked out Steve Latzo, three rounds.
Ad Stone knocked out Al Roberts, six rounds.
Lew Snyder beat Roach Rodgers, eight rounds.
Joe Reno beat Harry (Kid) Brown, eight rounds.
Ray Mitchell beat Whitey Fitzgerald, eight rounds.

16—Albany, N. Y.:
Vincent Coffey beat Tom Droney, 12 rounds.
Pete Williams and Murray Soren, draw, 10 rounds.

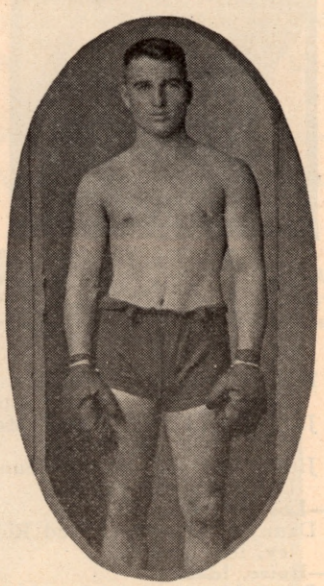
16—Chicago, Ill.:
Bud Christiano knocked out Jimmy Dalton, 10 rounds.
Mickey Forkins beat Harry Mueller, 10 rounds.
Harry Gaba beat Tom Hurst, six rounds.

16—San Francisco:
Sol Seamon beat Lackey Morrow, four rounds.
Joe Powell beat Billy Springfield, one round.
Gibson knocked out Soldier Burke, two rounds.
Will Oliver beat Frank Farrel, four rounds.
Young Papke beat Eddie White, four rounds.
Billy Harold beat Harry Baker, four rounds.

16—Salt Lake City:
George Sollis beat Earl Puryear, six rounds.

16—Milwaukee:
Tommy O'Brien beat Johnny Scheuer, 10 rounds.

16—Los Angeles:
Bud Ridley beat Jack Norman, four rounds.
Dandy Danny Dillob and Young Farrell, four round draw.



Private Bob Fox, welter, of Fort Clayton, Panama Canal Zone, who has a big following

16—Pioneer Sporting Club, New York City:
Charley Goodman beat Packey Gatty, 12 rounds.
K. O. Phil Kaplan beat Tony Lyons, 12 rounds.
Charley Hoffman and Wildman Gould, draw, six rounds.
Manuel Lema beat Jack Guida, six rounds.
Billy Bells beat Charley Stewart, four rounds.

16—Fifteenth Regiment Armory, New York City:
Sailor Darden beat K. O. Lew Williams, 12 rounds.
Jack McVey beat Georgie Bush, eight rounds.
Tommy Jackson and Willie Powell, eight round draw.

16—212th Regiment Armory, New York City:
Charley Picker and Al Studdy, eight round draw.
Tony Marto beat Sailor McGee, eight rounds.
Corporal Schwartz and Bobby Green, draw, eight rounds.

16—47th Regiment Armory, New York City:
Joe Glick beat Ruby Stein, 12 rounds.
Freddie Clark beat Young Frankie Nelson, eight rounds.

16—Broad A. C., Newark, N. J.:
Georgie Ward beat Pete Latzo, 12 rounds.
Larry Reagon beat Jimmie Freda, eight rounds.

16—Montreal, Canada:
Moe Herscovitch knocked out Bert Schneider, three rounds.

16—Armory A. A., Boston:
George Robinson beat Lee Anderson, 10 rounds.

16—Augusta, Me.:
George Vanderbilt beat Young Leonard, 10 rounds.

16—Reading, Pa.:
Johnny Leonard beat Matty Brooks, 10 rounds.
Bobby Williams knocked out Earl Hartman, three rounds.

16—Philadelphia, Pa.:
Young Lew Baker beat Johnny Hayes, eight rounds.

17—Madison Square Garden, New York City:
Carl Duane knocked out Urban Grass, two rounds.
Jimmy Cancro beat Battling Anton, four rounds.
Wilbur Cohan knocked out Leroy Powell, third round.
Lew Perfetti beat Charley Izzo, four rounds.
Johnny Vestro beat Joe Melito, four rounds.
Sid Terris beat Jackie Harris, four rounds.
Sandy Taylor beat Benny Ponteau, four rounds.
Sammy Vogel beat Andy Tucker, four rounds.
Lew Hurley beat Frankie Sinclair, four rounds.

17—Wilkesbarre, Pa.:
Billy Wells beat Frankie Schoell, 10 rounds.

17—Liverpool, England:
Mike McTigue knocked out Jack Reeves, three rounds.

18—McKeesport, Pa.:
Jimmy Jones beat Johnny Gill, 10 rounds.
Buck Weaver and K. O. Jitney, draw, eight rounds.
Teddy Welch knocked out Young Boley, three rounds.
Ray McCall beat Johnny Jones, six rounds.

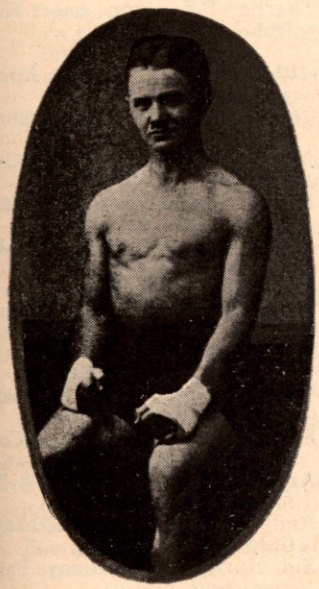
18—Dubois, Iowa:
Mike Dempsey knocked out Mike Urick, six rounds.
Bobby Roberts knocked out K. O. Simbeck, one round.
Sprag Keenan knocked out King Cole, first round.
Young Quinn knocked out Joe Smith, six rounds.

18—Youngstown, Pa.:
Johnny Wolgast lost to Johnny Karr, three rounds.
Dude Murphy beat Jack West, six rounds.
Joe (Boo) Ryan beat Dick Stosh, six rounds.

18—Columbus Sporting Club, Yonkers, N. Y.:
Jack Hausner beat Billy Fitzpatrick, 12 rounds.
Frankie Fitzpatrick and Artie Pierce, draw, 10 rounds.
Harry Shaw beat Bud Stalley, six rounds.

18—Orange, N. J.:
Philly Lewis beat Willie Doyle 12 rounds.
Nick Clausen beat Buck Thomas, 10 rounds.

18—Easton, Pa.:
Tommy West won on a foul from Rocky Smith, two rounds.
Johnny Kraus beat Young Mickey, eight rounds.



Richmond, Va., has a clever featherweight in Battling Jack Kelly, who is out with a defi to the country's best

18—Worcester, Mass.:
Walter Riley beat Freddy Warren, 10 rounds.
Tracey Ferguson beat Billy Cox, 10 rounds.
Joe Curry beat Young Terry, 10 rounds.
John Rocardi beat Sam Lucier, six rounds.

18—102nd Medical Regiment Armory:
Joe Savoila beat Charley Murray, eight rounds.
Young Diamond beat Ruby Stein, eight rounds.

18—Scranton, Pa.:
Sid Buller and Frankie Farmer, 10 round draw

18—Fall River, Mass.:
Bobby Dyson beat Harry Martin, 10 rounds.

18—Salem, Mass.:
Sailor Byron beat Joe Mandell, 10 rounds.

18—Lowell, Mass.:
Bob Conlon beat Sam Seiger, two rounds.

19—Madison Square Garden, N. Y. C.:
Lew Tendler beat Pal Moran, 15 rounds.
Carl Tremaine beat Mike Ballerino, two rounds.
Corporal Schwartz beat Willie Farley, six rounds.
Jimmy Hutchison knocked out Happy Smith, five rounds.
Harry Galfund knocked out Jimmy Sullivan, one round.

19—Boston, Mass.:
Johnny Dundee beat Vincent (Pepper) Martin, one round.

19—Toronto, Canada:
Teddy Joyce knocked out Phil O'Dowd, five rounds.

19—Chillicothe, Ohio:
Bud Christiano knocked out Jimmy Shevlin, nine rounds.

19—Portland, Ore.:
Jack Hausner beat Charley Elkins, 12 rounds.

19—Hartford, Conn.:
Pete Zivic beat Kid Lewis, 12 rounds.

19—Raleigh, N. C.:
Eddie Civil knocked out Jack Denham, four rounds.

19—Los Angeles:
Dandy Dick Griffin beat George Marks, four rounds.
Bud Soules beat Sailor Billy Vincent, four rounds.

20—Commonwealth Sporting Club, New York City:
Frankie Jerome and Spencer Gardner, 12 round draw.
Johnny (Red) Monroe beat Charley Hayes, 12 rounds.
Charley Izzo beat Ben Bailey, six rounds.
Abe Rosalsky beat Jackie Whalen, four rounds.

20—Rink Sporting Club, Brooklyn, N. Y.:
Andy Thomas knocked out Bobby Michaels, one round.
Glenn Stevens beat Mickey Nelson, 12 rounds.

20—Ridgewood Grove Sporting Club, Brooklyn, N. Y.:
Nick Foley knocked out Ray West, third round.
Nat Pincus beat Billy Bell, six rounds.

20—Ninth Regiment Armory, New York City:
Johnny Holmes beat Young Savoila, one round.
Ruby Stein beat Billy Brown, six rounds.
Al Glory beat Young Joe Eppy, six rounds.

20—Melbourne, Australia:
Bert Spargo beat Freddy Jack, 20 rounds.

22—Pittsburgh, Pa.:
Cuddy DeMarco beat Bernie Hahn, 10 rounds.
Patsy Young won on a foul from Louis Dearco, seven rounds.
Young Xeny beat George Kerston, six rounds.
Jack Rowe knocked out Frank Munro, one round.

22—Jersey City, N. J.:
Harry Greb beat Billy Shade, 12 rounds.
Freddy Rock knocked out Charley Stevens, four rounds.
George Bush and Lou Gates, draw, six rounds.
Leo Gates knocked out Billy Moore, two rounds.

22—Baltimore, Md:
Kid Wolfe beat Benny Schwartz, 12 rounds.

22—Lawrence, Mass.:
Kid Lewis beat Barney Burke, 10 rounds.
Ray Ranacourt beat Young Purtell, 10 rounds.

22—New Bedford, Mass.:
Charley Manty beat Chick Suggs, 10 rounds.

22—Buffalo, N. Y.:
Frankie Schoell beat Harvey Thorpe, 10 rounds.
Jimmy Slattery beat Mixer Mitchell, six rounds.

22—Detroit, Mich.:
Johnny Mendelsohn and Sid Barbarian, draw, 10 rounds.

22—East Liverpool, O.:
Toughtey Murray beat Jimmy Duffy, eight rounds.
Frank Porto beat Ray McCall, eight rounds.
Young Morrow beat George Teeters, six rounds.
Toughey Goodballet and Duke Heckathorne, draw, four rounds.

22—Trenton, N. J.:
Mickey Moorney beat George Young Erne, 10 rounds.
Jack Kolberg beat Snowball Moore, eight rounds.

22—Atlantic City:
Lew Schupp knocked out Vincent Lopez, four rounds.

22—Cincinnati, O.:
Billy Ryan beat Anthony Downer, 10 rounds.
Earl Butler and Joe Hardy, draw, six rounds.
Kid Rouz beat Young Lawrence, six rounds.

22—Bucyrus, O.:
Johnny Rini beat Johnny Horvich, 10 rounds.
Eddie Conrad beat Young Scottie, three rounds.
Al Dundee and Kid Dugan, draw, six rounds.
Harry Anderson knocked out Jay Laftman, two rounds.
Waller Klintz and Young Garneys, draw, four rounds.

22—Broadway Exhibition Assn., Brooklyn, N. Y.:
Sammy Seiger beat Kid Sullivan, 12 rounds.
Billy Levine beat Johnny Vinney, six rounds.

22—Harlem-Fairmont Sporting Club, N. Y. C.:
Johnny Williams beat Frankie Conifrey, 10 rounds.
Henny Catena beat Al Felder, 10 rounds.
Joe Souza knocked out Frankie Curley, two rounds.

22—Cincinnati, O.:
Anthony Downey and Billy Ryan, draw, 10 rounds.

22—Brighton Boxing Club, Staten Island:
Billy Murphy knocked out Willie Curry, eight rounds.

22—Rochester, N. Y.:
Mike Dempsey beat Jimmy Sullivan, 10 rounds.

22—Harrisburg, Pa.:
Sailor Red Mack and Ralph Repman, 10 round draw.
Ivory Eshelman knocked out Charley Ross, one round.

23—Philadelphia, Pa.:
Duser Kelly beat Matty Brooks, eight rounds.
Danny Garten beat Johnny Hayes, six rounds.

23—Boston, Mass.:
Battling McCreay beat Jack Taylor, 10 rounds.

23—Fifteenth Regiment Armory, New York City:
Willie St. Clair beat Johnny Moseley, 10 rounds.
Willie Powell knocked out Roy Taylor, three rounds.
Henry Shaw beat Lloyd Murphy, six rounds.

23—Forty-Seventh Regiment Armory, Brooklyn, N. Y.:
Jackie Moore and Pete Hayes, draw, 10 rounds.
Jimmy Werner and Sammy Melfin, draw, eight rounds.
Jackie Fields beat Jimmy Barry, eight rounds.

23—Clearfield, Pa.:
Mike Dundee and Tiny Trinkle, draw, 10 rounds.

23—Albany, N. Y.:
Red Mack beat Jimmy Hanlon, 10 rounds.

23—Lynn, Mass.:
Al Sears beat Jim Cox, 10 rounds.

23—Los Angeles, Calif.:
Danny Nuns beat Bud Ridley, four rounds.
Tod Morgan beat Dandy Danny Dillon, four rounds.

23—Seattle, Wash.:
Cowboy Pladgett and Billy Wright, draw, six rounds.

23—New Orleans:
Jimmy King knocked out Tommy Freeman, seventh round.

23—San Francisco:
Young Papke and Eddie Diggins, four round draw.
Frankie Thomas beat Joe Layman, four rounds.
Tommy Gardner knocked out George Gibbons, two rounds.
Willie Oliver beat Alex Tosloff, four rounds.

23—Pueblo, Colo.:
Bud Hamilton beat Joe the Wop, 10 rounds.
Kid Belt beat Joe Burger, 12 rounds.
Lou Dennison beat Young Griffo, six rounds.
Jimmy Fitten beat Les Mazon, four rounds.
Johnny Larmar beat Billy Springfield, four rounds.
Henry Disano beat Carlo Giannotti, four rounds.

24—New Orleans:
Young Leonard won on a foul from Ray Maywood, four rounds.
Jimmy King knocked out Tommy Freeman, seven rounds.

24—Mariesville, R. I.:
Tommy Ryan beat Harry London, 12 rounds.
Young Lubby beat Benny Linn, 10 rounds.

24—Amsterdam, N. Y.:
Johnny Herman beat Vince Coffey, 12 rounds.
Wildman Gould knocked out Ruby Cohen, four rounds.

Jimmy Finley, Louisville's welterweight, who met the toughest boys in the South last year

25—102nd Medical Regiment Armory, New York City:
Jackie Marlowe and Sonny Cashin, draw, eight rounds.
Frank Cronin beat Bobby Wagner, eight rounds.
Young Andy Ketchell beat Willie Galligan, eight rounds.
Tommy Chip beat Dominick Servideo, eight rounds.

25—Harrison, N. J.:
Willie Herman knocked out Marty Mandeville, four rounds.

25—Passaic, N. J.:
Frank Fasano beat Harry Gordon, 12 rounds.

25—McKeesport, Pa.:
Bobby Ward beat Tony Zill, 10 rounds.
K. O. Jitney beat Buck Weaver, eight rounds.
Young Roscoe knocked out Danny Pevease, two rounds.
George Kerston knocked out Steve Mutzko, two rounds.
Young Nebo and News Taylor, draw, six rounds.

25—Columbus Sporting Club, Yonkers:
Al Norton beat Phil Bloom, 12 rounds.
Artie Pierce beat Kid Sabole, eight rounds

25—Providence, R. I.:
Willie Gradwell beat Pete Hartley, 10 rounds.

25—Philadelphia, Pa.:
Ray Mitchell beat Whitey Fitzgerald, eight rounds.
Pedro Campo beat Roche Rogers, eight rounds.

25—Lowell, Mass.:
Johnny Darcey beat Gene Delmont, 10 rounds.

25—Clarksville, Tenn.:
Marvel Mars and Billy Ray, four round draw.

26—Syracuse, N. Y.:
Rocky Kansas beat "Chubby" Brown, 12 rounds.

26—Woonsocket, R. I.:
Spencer Gardner and Harry Martin, 10-round draw.

26—Erie, Pa.:
Joe Welling lost on a foul to Charley O'Connel, six rounds.

26—Fall River, Mass.:
Charley Many beat Frankie Curry, 10 rounds.

26—Manchester, N. H.:
Tommy Corbly and Joe St. Hilaire, draw, 10 rounds.

26—Philadelphia, Pa.:
Indian Russel beat Tony Trinkle, eight rounds.
Billy Defoe knocked out K. O. Ledoux, five rounds.

26—New Orleans:
Young Stribling beat Young Marulo, 15 rounds.

26—San Francisco:
Young Dudley beat Sailor Goldman, four rounds.
Johnny Burns beat Rube Finn, four rounds.
Jimmy Marcus knocked out Ray Evans, second round.
Jimmy Butler beat Sammy Mossberg, four rounds.
Bobby Allen beat Walter Dellsmore, four rounds.
Tommy Gardner knocked out Soldier Burke, two rounds.
Sunny Jim beat Charley Martino, four rounds.
Ernie Owens and Sailor Spencer, four round draw.

27—Ridgewood Grove Sporting Club, Brooklyn, N. Y.:
Jay Lanahan knocked out Murray Soren, 10 rounds.
Eddie Wallace beat Joe Tobin, four rounds.
August Pisano beat Joe Rowan, four rounds.
Eddie Martin beat Johnny Vinney, four rounds.
Sid Bert and Willie Pierson, draw, four rounds.
Marty Silvers beat Scotty Williams, four rounds.
Whitey Hall beat Jimmy Roberts, four rounds.

27—Ninth Regiment Armory, New York City:
Buddy Saunders beat Johnny Martin, 12 rounds.
Johnny Borth and Joe Patio, draw, four rounds.
Jimmy Delmont and Red McGee, draw, four rounds.
Midget Irla beat Wee Wee Jimmy Collins, six rounds.
Danny Lyons and Billy Brown, draw, eight rounds.

27—Commonwealth Sporting Club, New York City:
Jack Bernstein beat Earl Baird, 12 rounds.
Rocky Smith beat Wildman Gould, 12 rounds.
Lew Gates beat Lew Chester, six rounds.
Archie Sandville beat Johnny Price, four rounds.

27—Rink Sporting Club, Brooklyn:
Vincent "Pepper" Martin knocked out Sammy Stone, 11 rounds.
Willie Singer knocked out Johnny Winters, six rounds.
Jimmy Clyde beat Frank Sabukaty, four rounds.
Patsy Bogash beat Silent Johnny Willets, six rounds.
Charley Hayes beat Billy Baxter, six rounds.

28—St. Paul, Minn.:
Johnny Ertle beat Saph. McKenna, 10 rounds.

29—Pittsburgh, Pa.:
Abe Goldstein beat Mike Moran, 10 rounds.
Johnny Hamm knocked out Johnny Myers, six rounds.
"Boo" Ryan beat Freddie Lux, six rounds.
Young Zabish beat Young Piazzi, six rounds.

29—Baltimore, Md.:
George Chaney knocked out Frankie Rice, one round.

29—Detroit, Mich.:
Jack McAuliffe knocked out Hughie Walker, two rounds.

29—New Bedford, Mass.:
Al Shubert beat Charley Manty, 10 rounds.

29—Atlantic City, N. J.:
Harry Robinson beat Tex McEwan, eight rounds.
Jim Booker beat Buddy Spratley, eight rounds.

29—Trenton, N. J.:
Wildman Gould beat Pickles Martin, eight rounds.

29—Philadelphia, Pa.:
Lew Tendler knocked out Jack Lawlor, fifth round.
Augie Ratner-Vincent Lopez, declared no contest.
Gene Tunney-Jack Renault bout declared no contest.

29—Broadway Exhibition Assn.:
Babe Herman beat Willie Kohler, 12 rounds.
Harry Galfund knocked out Joe Werner, five rounds.
Nat Pincus beat Murray Layton, eight rounds.
Sydney Glick beat Emil Blazer four rounds.

29—Harlem-Fairmont Sporting Club, New York City:
Charley McKenna beat Gypsey Daniels, 10 rounds.
Willie Darcey beat Buck Josephs, 10 rounds.
Bobby Bolon beat Billy Bell, six rounds.

29—Freeport Sporting Club, Freeport, L. I.
Kid Lewis beat Billy Marlowe, 12 rounds.
Frank Carpenter beat Herman Hart, eight rounds.
Joe Ryder beat Jack Marlowe, six rounds.
Nick Lapurta knocked out Eddie Holly, two rounds.

29—Cincinnati, O.:
Alex Novecky beat George Siler, 10 rounds.
Earl Righter beat Mutt Snyder, six rounds.
Tommy Treague knocked out Jack Wolf, one round.

29—Troy, N. Y.:
Frankie Quill and Young Marcel, draw, 12 rounds.
Frankie Lefay beat Battling Barry, 10 rounds.

29—New Orleans:
Frank Demarie and Billy Kennedy, 10-round draw.
Tommy Marvin and Ernie Perrin, 10-round draw.
Pascale Colletti beat Bobby Hughes, 10 rounds.

29—Chicago:
Joe Burman beat Patsy Flanagan, 10 rounds.

29—Cincinnati, O.:
Alex Novecky beat Silver Shower Siler, 10 rounds.

30—Milwaukee:
Pinkey Mitchell beat Bud Logan, 10 rounds.
Ernie Goozeman beat Walter Grayjack, six rounds.

30—Albany, N. Y.:
Wolf Larsen won on a foul from Kid Norfolk, two rounds.

30—Akron, O.:
Benny Valgar beat Billy McCann, 10 rounds.

30—Holyoke, Mass.:
Mike Morley beat Ted Russell, 10 rounds.

30—Atlanta, Ga.:
Young Stribling beat Harry Krohn, 10 rounds.

30—Harrisburg, Pa.:
Ivory Eshelman beat Charley Murray, 10 rounds.

30—Madison Square Garden, N. Y. C.:
Harry Greb beat Tommy Loughran, 15 rounds.
Paul Doyle knocked out Frankie Murphy, five rounds.
Charley Nashier beat Leo Gaites, six rounds.
Johnny Brown and Frankie Mack, six round draw.
Red Cap Wilson knocked out Dave Hennessey, one round.

30—Fifteenth Regiment Armory, N. Y. C.:
Jack McVey beat Sandy Taylor, 12 rounds.
Little Jack Johnson and Steve Marcon, draw, six rounds.

30—212th Regiment Armory, N. Y. C.:
Andy Lake beat George Bush, eight rounds.
Happy Eagan beat Babe Orlando, eight rounds.
Eddie Banks beat Tommy Fay, eight rounds.

30—Forty-seventh Regiment Armory, Brooklyn:
Johnny Lustig won on a foul from George Werner, three rounds.

30—Augusta, Me.:
Al Sears beat Tommy French, 12 rounds.

30—Cambridge, Mass.:
Abe Friedman knocked out Paddy Owens, six rounds.

30—Reading, Pa.:
Indian Russel knocked out Bobby Burke, two rounds.
Johnny Reo beat Martin Judge, eight rounds.

30—Philadelphia, Pa.:
Danny Gartin knocked out Willie Peterson, four rounds.
Neil McCue knocked out Joe Rapp, three rounds.

30—Buffalo, N. Y.:
Teddy Meyers beat Sid Barbarian, 12 rounds.
Bobby Tracey beat Willie Sinclair, six rounds.
K. O. Michaels beat Patsy Johnson, six rounds.

31—Sixty-ninth Regiment Armory, N. Y. C.:
Eddie Burnbrook knocked out Rap Cooper, second round.
Bobby Gracia knocked out Paddy McNulty, five rounds.
Dugout Johnson and Harry Bradant, eight round draw.

31—Hartford, Conn.:
Eddie (Kid) Wagner and Babe Herman, 12 round draw.

31—Amsterdam, N. Y.:
Wildman Gould knocked out Johnny Bush, seven rounds.
Marty Powell knocked out Phil Kline, five rounds.

31—Mariesville, R. I.:
Johnny Darcey knocked out Johnny Gilbert, second round.
Charlie Pilkington beat Kid Rube, 10 rounds.

FEBRUARY

1—102nd Medical Regiment Armory, New York City:
Charley Murray beat Tommy Chip, eight rounds.
Jimmy Gaudy beat Young Otto, eight rounds.
Bobby Green beat Battling Larry, eight rounds.

1—Commonwealth Sport'g Club, New York City:
K. O. Phil Delmont knocked out Irving Kauffman, one round.
Lew Hurley knocked out Jack Kloby, three rounds.
Willie Singer beat Herman Rose, four rounds.
Frank Fasano beat Wilbur Cohen, four rounds.
Art Nelson beat Billy Bell, four rounds.
Andy Tucker beat Murray Cohen, four rounds.
Sid Burt beat Anthony Palmer, four rounds.
Sid Terris knocked out Ray Schaara, second round.

1—Broadway Exhibition Assn., Brooklyn, N. Y.:
Nat Pincus beat Herman Schipp, four rounds.
Joey Silvers beat Joey Werner, four rounds.
August Pisano beat Happy Gorman, four rounds.
Joe Souza beat Jackie Harris, four rounds.
Al McCloskey beat Freddy Locke, four rounds.
Irving Goldberg beat Jackie Feldman, four rounds.
Frankie Barry beat Ernie McCarron, four rounds.

1—Stadium Boxing Club, Jersey City:
Joe Borrel beat Tarzan Larkin, 12 rounds.
Billy Vidabeck beat Nick Scanlon, eight rounds.

1—Columbus, O.:
Jack (Kid) Wolfe beat Eddie O'Dowd, 12 rounds.

1—Scranton, Pa.:
Pep O'Brien knocked out Sid Marks, four rounds.
Jay Lanahan knocked out Leo Lavin, seventh round.

1—Fort Thomas, Ky.:
Marvel Mars beat Battling Gurney, six rounds.

2—Kalamazoo, Mich.:
Joe Downey knocked out Johnny Doyle, eight rounds.

2—Madison Square Garden, New York City:
Johnny Dundee beat Elino Flores, 15 rounds.
Frankie Jerome beat Larry Goldberg, 12 rounds.
Willie Davis and Eddie Brady, draw, six rounds.
Barney Keeley beat Patsy Brocco, four rounds.

2—Second Naval Battalion Armory, Brooklyn:
Joe Glick beat Al Kale, 12 rounds.
2—Pittsburgh, Pa.:
Frank Munro beat Joe Jackson, four rounds.
Joe Schurer beat Mike Dundee, four rounds.
Jackie Walters and Tommy Stinger, no contest.
2—Philadelphia, Pa.:
Mike Schultz beat Joe Leitz, eight rounds.
2—Shenandoah, Pa.:
Charley Ray beat Tiny Trinkle, 10 rounds.
2—Grand Rapids, Mich.:
Billy Shade beat Joe Lohman, 10 rounds.
2—Youngstown, O.:
Jimmy Jones beat Cowboy Pladgett, 12 rounds.
Joe (Boo) Ryan beat Walter O'Keefe, eight rounds.
Kid Xeny beat Dude Murphy, six rounds.
Johnny Moore knocked out Johnny Jones, five rounds.
2—Trenton, N. J.:
Tommy Gerard beat Young Feb, eight rounds.
2—Fall River, Mass.:
Midget Smith beat Mickey Delmont, 10 rounds.
2—Syracuse, N. Y.:
Mixer Mitchell beat Canastota Bob, 10 rounds.
2—Mt. Carmel, Pa.:
Al Willis beat Martin Judge, eight rounds.
2—Brockton, Mass.:
Young Tansey beat Tom Jordan, 10 rounds.
2—Davenport, Iowa:
Jimmy Delaney beat Ted Jamieson, 10 rounds.

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2—Manchester, England:
Boyo McCormick won on a foul from Wild Burt Kenny, four rounds.
3—Commonwealth Sport'g Club, New York City:
Gene Tunney beat Chuck Wiggins, 12 rounds.
Cowboy Williams knocked out Cyclone Clifford, one round.
3—Ninth Regiment Armory, New York City:
Henny Catena won on a foul from Willie Galligan, four rounds.
Bobby Wagner beat Al Traino, 10 rounds.
3—Ridgewood Grove Sporting Club, Brooklyn, N. Y.:
Johnny Williams knocked out Phil Gusmano, 11 rounds.
Billy Best beat Soldier Lawson, 10 rounds.
Herb Brodie knocked out Willie Thompson, two rounds.
3—Rink Sporting Club, B'klyn:
Vic McLaughlin beat Jimmy O'Gatty, 12 rounds.
Johnny Gray beat Marty Collins, 12 rounds.
Eddie Martin knocked out Willie Clarkson, one round.
Frankie Barry knocked out Josh Matthews, four rounds.
Jack Snyder beat Barney Green, four rounds.
3—Boston, Mass.:
Dave Shade beat Eddie Shevlin, 10 rounds.
William Gould beat Phil Bloom, 10 rounds.
Lew Paluso beat Red Chapman, 10 rounds.
3—Paris, France:
Vanderveer, Belgian heavy, knocked out Nilles, seven rounds.
5—Broad A. C., Newark, N. J.:
Harry Greb beat Pal Reed, 12 rounds.
Sailor Jack Ritchie beat Joe Forgoine, eight rounds.
5—Fourth Regiment Armory, Jersey City:
Terry Martin beat Jack (Kid) Wolfe, 12 rounds.
Wee-Wee Willie Spencer beat Mickey Delmont, 10 rounds.
Johnny Kockinsky knocked out Wally Carney, one round.
John O'Reilly beat Eli Perry, six rounds.
5—Brighton Sporting Club, Staten Island:
Floyd Johnson knocked out Mike Nestor, four rounds.
5—Broadway Exhibition Assn. Brooklyn:
Johnny Clinton knocked out Andy Thomas, 11 rounds.
Charley Ryder knocked out Nick Nelson, first round.
Jimmy Hutchison beat Billy Angelo, six rounds.
5—Rochester, N. Y.:
Augie Ratner beat Mike Dempsey, 12 rounds.
5—Lancaster, Pa.:
Nate Isaacman beat Tom Droney, 10 rounds.
5—Baltimore, Md.:
Len Mahoney beat Jose Dundee, 15 rounds.
5—Atlantic City, N. J.:
Vennie Lopez beat Lew Schupp, eight rounds.
5—New Bedford, Mass.:
Tony Thomas beat Joe Clifford, 10 rounds.
5—Zanesville, O.:
Billy Britton beat Harry Krohn, 10 rounds.
5—East Chicago, Ind.:
Sailor Friedman beat Joe Jawson, 10 rounds.

5—Detroit, Mich.:
Jack Perry beat Al Walther, 10 rounds.
5—East Liverpool, O.:
K. O. Jitney beat Buck Weaver, eight rounds.
Dick Mette beat Frank Proto, eight rounds.
Bad News Taylor knocked out Reed Brindley, three rounds.
Young Vaughn beat Ray Mitchell, four rounds.
5—New Orleans, La.:
Eddie McKenna knocked out Bill Kennedy, eight rounds.
Charley Feraci beat Frankie Demari, 10 rounds.
Butch Crozier beat Ray Maywood, 10 rounds.
Adam Gomez beat Young Secari, six rounds.
5—Buffalo, N. Y.:
Teddy Myers and Jimmy Goodrich, draw, 10 rounds.
Jimmy Slattery beat Tiger Smith, six rounds.
Harry Cook beat Bobby Tracey, six rounds.
6—Pioneer Sporting Club, N. Y. C.:
Italian Joe Gans beat Panama Joe Gans, twelve rounds.
Hilly Levine beat Louis Guglielmini, six rounds.
6—Fifteenth Regiment Armory, N. Y. C.:
Larry Esterdige beat Alex Kid Gibbons, eight rounds.
Leroy Powell knocked out Tommy Edwards, first round.
6—212th Regiment Armory, N. Y. C.:
Willie Ryan and Joe Celmars, eight round draw.
Bobby Wagner knocked out Tommy Farrell, two rounds.
Curley Martin and Young Andy Ketchell, draw eight rounds.
6—Forty - Seventh Regiment Armory, Brooklyn:
Young Frankie Nelson knocked out Jack Fields, eight rounds.
6—Boston, Mass.:
Tony Julian beat Johnny Dundee, ten rounds.
Pete Latzo beat Paul Doyle, ten rounds.
Willie Harmon beat Frankie Murphy, ten rounds.
Henry Ford beat Frankie Madden, ten rounds.
6—Worcester, Mass.:
Lou Bogash beat Jackie Clark, ten rounds.
6—Albany, N. Y.:
Frankie Sinclair beat Kid Rash, ten rounds.
6—Fresno, Calif.:
Johnny Buff and Teddy Silva, draw four rounds.
6—Harlem-Fairmont Club, New York City:
Sammy Nable beat Harry Leonard, twelve rounds.
Georgie Doherty beat Joe Lowen, six rounds.
Sid Terris beat Al Ketchell, six rounds.
Sammy Vogel beat Willie Dillon, six rounds.
Sid Burt knocked out Lew Pissitzner, first round.
7—Mariesville, R. I.;
Tommy Ryan beat Irish Johnny Curtin, ten rounds.
7—Pittsfield, Mass.:
Pete Hartley beat Frankie Quill, ten rounds.
7—Akron, O.:
Joe Pick beat Al Corbett, ten rounds.
Jimmy Darragh beat Sammy Ciminelli, eight rounds.
Johnny Bright beat Bad News Taylor, six rounds.
8—102nd Medical Regiment, N. Y. C.:
Tarzan Larkin knocked out Soldier Jones, six rounds.
Mickey Black beat Jimmy Foley, eight rounds.
Frank Cronin beat Danny Lyons, eight rounds.
8—Columbus Sporting Club, Yonkers:
Willie Davis beat Frankie Fitzpatrick, twelve rounds.
8—Passaic, N. J.:
Frankie Fasano beat Harry Gordon, twelve rounds.
8—Lowell, Mass.:
Abe Friedman beat Mike Castle, twelve rounds.
8—McKeesport, Pa.:
Cuddy Demarco beat Toughey Gordon, twelve rounds.
Billy Williams beat Frank Porto, six rounds.
K. O. Ferry beat Jackie Bayne six rounds.

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HERRERRA'S DOWNFALL

(Continued from page 31)

Donald giving the count. At seven Bat got up.

That in itself was a great shock to the Mexican and the fans. Once, now and then, a fellow whom Herrera had hit would stagger up at the count of nine and flop around helplessly, compelling Herrera to send in another to finish the job. But none of them ever had rose up at seven. But what was worse, Bat came up swinging.

He rushed right at Herrera and landed a right and left before the astonished Mexican could figure it all out. And then Bat, as if he had been angered greatly at being floored, tore in and whaled the daylights out of Herrera for the remainder of the round. Funny thing, but the round went to Nelson by a wide margin despite the fact that he had been dropped and nearly finished.

At the end of the twenty rounds McDonald raised Nelson's right arm in token of victory. Throughout the last fifteen rounds of the bout Nelson had led consistently. Now and then Herrera would flash a bit, but he did not send over his dangerous right again.

He hoped to earn a draw, he said afterwards, knowing that he did not have strength enough left to put Bat away. That was the beginning of the end for the Mexican. It was his greatest fight and his last one. We say his greatest fight because when he saw that he could not win by a knockout he had to resort to other means and throughout he was on the defensive.

They say the surprise of seeing Bat come up after being hit was too much for Herrera; that he lost his nerve. But the truth was that he had shot his bolt. Nelson started with renewed energy from that day to gain the lightweight title and not so long afterwards—for this was on Sept. 5, Labor Day, 1904—Nelson was the champion.

And from that day on Herrera went skidding down the trail. He was reported killed a few years ago in a fight with policemen in Bakersfield. But latest reports say Herrera is alive and kicking and a prosperous business man in Bakersfield.

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Tony Norman beat Young Nebo, six rounds.

8—Philadelphia:
Benny Bass beat Battling Mack, eight rounds.
Young Jack Dempsey beat Young Hickey, eight rounds.

8—Altoona, Pa.:
Dick Conlon beat Charley Murray, ten rounds.

10—Madison Square Garden, N. Y. C.:
Rockey Kansas beat Charley White, fifteen rounds.
Pete Latzo beat Johnny Nichols, twelve rounds.
Jack Lawlor beat Phil Logan, six rounds.
Tommy McAleer knocked out Irish Fagen, four rounds.

10—Freeport Sporting Club, Freeport, L. I.:
Red Cap Wilson knocked out Mike Kearns, three rounds.

10—Duluth, Minn.:
Dave Shade beat Morris Schliafer, ten rounds.

10—Washington Court House, O.:
Tut Jackson and Joe Lohman, draw, ten rounds.

10—Philadelphia, Pa.:
Al Verbecken beat Sam Blackiston, eight rounds.

10—Pittsburgh, Pa.:
Johnny Fundy beat Eddie Haxel, four rounds.
Cocky Dilla knocked out Danny Rose, three rounds.
Young Mulligan won from Johnny Cahill, one round.

10—Erie, Pa.:
Johnny Downs beat Gene Gannon, twelve rounds.
Joe Reher and Alzeimer, draw, eight rounds.

10—Lewiston, Me.:
Young Jack Johnson knocked out Jimmy Wright, five rounds.

(*Continued from page* 31)

Johnny Shugrue of Worcester. Shugrue, who started his career by losing several battles in Waterbury and other cities in Connecticut when living in Waterbury, came along with a rush and defeated Dundee in Worcester, following this up by a kayo over the veteran Willie Jackson and defeating Elinor Flores.

GOSSIP FROM MAINE
By CHARLES TURNER

Bing Conley, Lewiston middleweight, who started boxing last winter, has been coming along in great style. In his last five fights he has defeated Roddie McDonald, Young Josephs, Young Ellingwood, Tom Larabee and Utah Kid. Bing has a large following from Corn Beef Hill, as well as many French friends who are always there to cheer him on to victory. Bing intends to go to New York to get a crack at some of the middleweights there in the near future.

The Cercle Canadian club of Lewiston, recently erected a new gym for their boxers. They have two good boys who will bear watching in "K. O." Liberty, and "Cocky" Dubuc. Louis Dutil is handling their affairs.

Kid Dube, Lewiston featherweight, gave the Canadian fans a surprise when he battled Oscar Descamps at Quebec recently. Dube not only held his own but had him in a bad way on two occasions. Descamps knocked out Jimmy Fruzzette the week before the Dube bout, and the fans all seemed to sympathize with the Kid, but after the bout it was a different story.

Benny Schwartz, pugilistic product of Baltimore, is another of the younger crop rapidly forging to the front. Benny has just passed his 21st birthday, and has already come in conflict with the leading flyweights of the country.

Eddie Polo, bantam champion of Maine, New Hampshire and Vermont, has been idle lately through lack of opponents. Polo has cleaned up everybody in these parts, and it looks as if the local promoters will have to look for out-of-town talent to box him. He is handled by Arthur Lacombe of Waterville.

People came from all parts of New England to witness the second Shade-Shelvin bout at Boston. It caused more commotion than any bout in New England in many a moon.

Billy DeFoe is in great demand in New England since he knocked out K. O. Leroux in four rounds. DeFoe was matched to box Johnny Brown in Lewiston but Brown developed a sore arm and called off the match.

Lee Anderson, the colored heavyweight, made a great hit in Lewiston when he won over Battling McCreery, in seven rounds.

Frank Berard, Waterville promoter, is angling for the Bill Dube-Bing Conley bout. It would be a great card in that town and draw a big gate.

"Tex" Wiseman, well-known New England sportsman, has opened a Smoke Shop in Lewiston. Good luck to you, Tex.

John O'Brien, who promotes boxing in Augusta, has taken Joe McFadden a lightweight under his management. McFadden recently won two bouts in Augusta and he is anxious to show throughout New England.

Joe Blackman sends word along that he will possibly make a trip to the big city bringing along with him Joe Rehor, a clever Cleveland youngster.

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